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THE HEIR

by John Breckenridge Ellis who wrote

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CHICAGO LEDGER

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Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 21

Underground

By Angelo Mad Gregor

OLD MARK JENKS had made up his mind that the world hadn't used him right.

Judged by appearances, the world had been far from kind to him. He stooped a little, from many years of tending furnaces and boilers in cellars a little too low for his height. He beat his wrinkled old hands together and a fine cloud of white dust arose from them. It had settled over the battered old felt he wore, caked in little rivulets where the sweat trickled down his face, filled his eyebrows and mustache and his spare gray hair. Even the shabby old suit he wore, and his patched overalls were but a neutral color.

Life had been hard to Mark. For a dozen years he had tended the boilers of the Burdick Block, the Ashby House, the Odd Fellows Building and the Higgins Block. He plodded patiently from one to the other, morning, afternoon, and late into the night, slicing fires, heaping on coal, removing cinders, answering emphatic calls for more steam, and that in a hurry.

Mark's life was bounded by a horizon of great piles of soft coal on one side, and reddened, fuel-eating furnace doors on the other. Mark, generally speaking, gave you the impression of one of his own burnt-out fires.

He stood in the doorway to the boiler-room, and coughed sharply as the raw March air stung his reddened nostrils. As he shuffled up the street, he almost brushed into Parker Mason, president and manager of the Prudential Trust, next door. The banker nodded absently. It was part of his policy to greet every one on the slightest pretext. Besides, he and old Mark had attended the same little school together, years ago. Mark smiled bitterly as he thought how their pathways had diverged. Mason had gone steadily upward. He wore carefully pressed clothes of fine texture and cut, his linen was spotless, he was always shaved to the blood. Mark rubbed his hands over his own streaked and dusty face, and beat off the ashes as best he could.

And yet Mark had been honest and industrious and prudent . . . It seemed as if some people had all the luck.

He fixed the fires in the Higgins Block, and set back down street. He had slipped a tattered magazine under his coat, one of a pile thrown on the rubbish heap. When the little tasks were done, he would sit and doze in the warm, vitiating atmosphere of the boiler-room.

Beneath Mark's faded exterior seethed a riot of unrest. Things were going badly with him this spring. Tending boilers and furnaces is not a well paid job. In a few weeks the last fire would be allowed to die out, the cinders raked from the grates, the iron cans hauled away for the last time till fall. For a dozen or fifteen weeks Mark would be out of steady work, except such little odd jobs as came to hand—mowing a lawn here and there, or helping on a delivery wagon for a day or two at a time.

That morning Dr. Foster had asked him if he could not pay in a little something on his account, hinted that it had been running quite a while. the rent was due the last of the week, there was a good-sized bill at Nolan's for groceries, he must have at least another half-ton of coal to carry him along till warm weather, there were shoes for the wife, the milk bill—they seemed to leer at him in an endless staggering line.

Mark dozed in his broken chair in the Burdick basement. The magazine was open at a tale of a wild fight between hawk-faced sleuths and a lawless gang that had tunneled a long distance under the vaults of the Metropolitan Bank.

In the oppressive atmosphere, Mark's thoughts took the shape of a tunnel under the vault of the Prudential, of sacks of clinking yellow gold and sheaves of crisp new bills, emerald fives and tens and golden twenties and fifties. No more dunning for overdue doctor's bills, old accounts at the grocer's, no more long nightmare of bills for coal and wood and milk . . .

The old man waked up sharply. The dream persisted. Cunning, avaricious lights came into his faded old eyes. Then he straightened up. Why the idea was absurd. It wasn't even honest!

As he peered at his gauges and slammed his doors, the maddening thought impelled him with demoniac persistency. Money! Lots of it! Piles of clinking metal, rustling packages of greenbacks! No more poverty! Plenty of money to buy everything you wanted and to pay for it on the spot! A new life in a new place where they didn't know you.

Tho he fought the appeal of these evil beckonings as a man brushes off the clinging fragments of a spider's web from his face, Mark involuntarily found his feet leading him to the cellar wall nearest the Prudential. There was a break in the wall some two and a half feet in diameter, where it had once been planned to put in a new sewer connection.

The old man looked around furtively. What an ideal opening directly to his hand! It would do no harm to remove that loose boarding and look. It would be an adventure in his drab old life to burrow into that soft dirt behind. There need nothing come of it. Of course, he would not make any attempt to touch the bank. He could dig . . .

SUPPER was a discouraging meal. Mary, his invalid daughter, had had another bad turn, and they had been obliged to call the doctor again. He had come grumbling. Mary must have fruit, beefsteak and new medicine. He gave no hope of her improving unless his directions were followed to the letter.

That night old Mark remained later than was his wont in the basement of the Burdick Block. He waited till casual passers-by had gone home (people left the main streets early in Ashby), then he locked the basement door, and very carefully, so as not to attract attention, pried the boards away from the sewer opening.

He was careful to keep these fastened together, so that they could be replaced to cover the opening. He produced an old meal sack and a rusty shovel, whose handle had been sawed off short.

Mark worked till past 12, then replaced the boards, brushed up the earth, secreted the bag and shovel, and then shuffled home. "The grate up at the Burdick Block kept me up," he told his wife. "It's coming down, and I had to sit up and nurse the fire. It's likely to bother me all this week, till they get a new one in. That old boiler's no good."

With this clumsy lie his wife was satisfied, and Mark reiterated it so earnestly that he almost believed it himself.

It must have taken longer to repair the grates in the Burdick Block than he anticipated, for it was much more than a week that Mark was obliged to nurse the fires in that decrepit old boiler. Night after night passed, and Mark shuffled home with weary step long after midnight. His wife became used to his lagging step coming wearily up the stairs at an early hour in the morning.

Sometimes she wished in her tired old heart that Mark could get along with-

(Continued on Page 22.)

"111" cigarettes

They are Good!

10¢

Buy this Cigarette and Save Money

Is This Your Type?

BY MARIE LA ROQUE

The Ideal Chin

THE ideal for the feminine chin has varied but little thru the ages, at least so far as the white races are concerned. To be sure the Red man admires the broad chin because that is the kind that he finds in the most beautiful Indian maidens, and doubtless the Chinaman is content to admire the smooth snub Mongolian chin. But for the Aryan, from the days of ancient Greece to our own, it has been the small, round, definite, but not large, chin that has been usually most admired on a woman's face.

The idea is that the rather massive chin, the chin that is broad, indicates considerable determination and pugnaciousness. If those who have this sort of chin are not actually headstrong and combative, at least they look as if they were and in this world of ours, that is said to be man-made, the woman who looks as if she were pugnacious and unyielding is not so much in demand as is the man of this character.

So the ideal woman must not have too broad or too heavy a chin. On the other hand her chin must be sufficiently well defined to furnish the right symmetry to the "perfect oval," so much admired in a woman's face. Lacking this she seems to be deficient in delicacy and daintiness.

Except among the works of the most markedly realistic artists, it is hard until within fairly recent years, to find paintings of women who possessed anything but this small round chin. But any number of charming women whose photographs we see have had chins that are too pointed or too square or too squat to be consistent with the ideal. The point is that painters so delight in painting the perfect chin that it is hard to find any other sort among those women who lived before the days of photography.

Mona Lisa Chin.

It is sometimes said that the chin of the American woman is becoming broader and larger, and there are those who say that climatic conditions that made the Indian's chin broad and heavy are tending to give our features Indian proportions. This means that the small round chin so much admired by the Italian artists of old—the chin that you find so admirably portrayed in Leonardo's Mona Lisa—is becoming less and less usual among us. All the more is it admitted when we find a woman who possesses it.

Next Week: Have You Napoleon's Eye?

THE HEIR

BY J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

I.
RICHARD OFFERED A STRANGE POSITION.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS might not mean much to some people, but to Richard Overstreet it was an imposing amount. And when the old man told him he could have it, with nothing to do, the light danced before his eyes.

"I have five thousand dollars for you," the old man said abruptly, "and you'll have nothing to do."

Richard had known the old man only a week, in fact did not consider that he knew him at all. The gray-bearded rustic had come to the lodging-house from nobody knew where, or cared to know, and Richard, who rented a very small back room on the third floor at a figure considerably increased since the war, had paid the newcomer but scant attention.

The young man had just come in from his duties as clerk at a downtown freight office—seventy-five dollars per month. It was two in the morning, but the old man was up and waiting in the smelly hall of the third story.

"I have five thousand dollars for you," were the very first words with which Richard was greeted. "May I come in your room a moment?"

Richard looked the old fellow up and down, satisfied himself that he could whip his prospective guest if his madness became violent, and led the way into the shabby chamber, which was without heat. A room with heat would have been too expensive for consideration.

"Suppose we adjourn to our room," said the man from the country—at least, he had the air of being from the country.

"No," Richard objected. He did not know what ambuscade might await him in the old man's chamber.

"You may not know it, Mr. Overstreet," the old man put his hands in his pockets and drew in his shoulders, "but my name is Travis; Jud Travis from Indianapolis, Missouri. I want to say that I have closely observed your movements for two weeks, if you'll excuse the liberty. I have asked the landlady about you, who says that during the five years you've been with her, you've been a model young chap. I've spoken to your employers down at the yards and they give you a good name. I gather that you'll never get much more than you're getting now, because you are always looking forward to some other job and never have your heart in the one you've got."

"Look here——"

"No, you look here! I've got another job for you, and you'll have nothing to do. To prove that I'm acting in good faith, I'm ready to hand you five thousand dollars before you begin. And to show what confidence I have in you, I'll say that the five thousand dollars are here, right in my pocket."

Richard regarded him with decidedly increased interest; he was no longer just an old man, but an old man plus five thousand dollars.

"But what do you want me to do?"

"Nothing."

"All right," Richard smiled; "hand it over."

Mr. Jud Travis did not smile. "Of course, there are conditions."

"Of course," the young man agreed ironically.

"You'll have to change your name to Travis. I'm adopting you."

"As a grandson?" Richard instinctively sat down, but the bed was so cold that he rose at once. It was early in January.

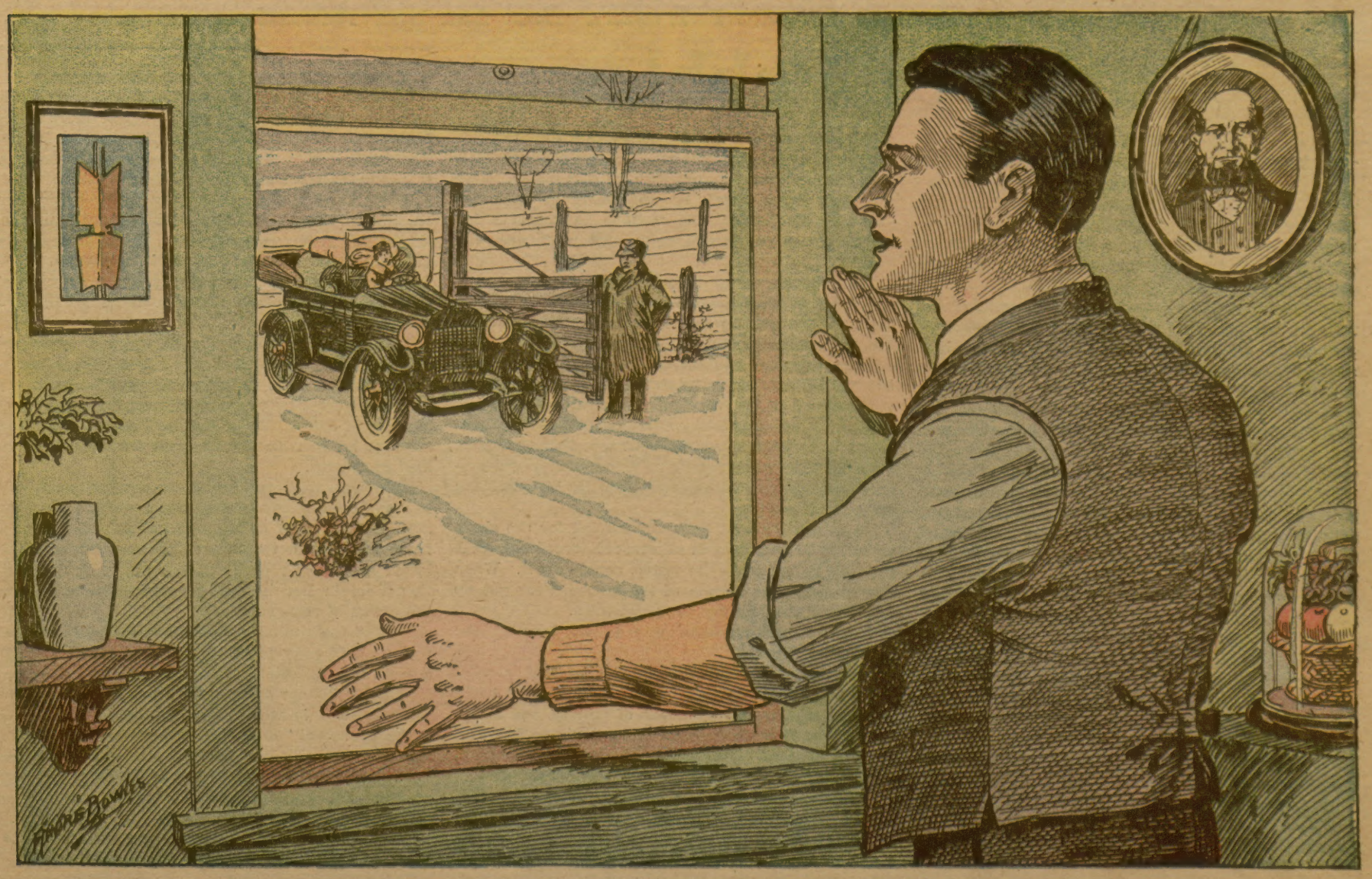
"To shorten this interview—for I take cold readily," Mr. Travis said, "let me present the case in a word, and leave you until tomorrow to think it over. I am an old man, as you see; nearly 70. In the course of nature I shall soon be gone. I am a man of means, not rich as some count riches, but easily worth something like forty thousand dollars. As I am a bachelor, my property, at my death, would all go to collateral branches of the Travis family. Now, I despise all the collaterals that I have ever seen, and there are others I've never met. I am determined that my money shan't be inherited by worthless scamps—for that's what my collaterals are, to a man. I came to Chicago to look about for an honest, reliable, upright young man. Living in this lodging house with my eyes open, while entirely unnoticed by the lodgers, I've studied you closely, made all manner of inquiries about you. I know you better, possibly, than you know yourself, and am prepared to make you the following offer:

"Get your name changed by law to Travis—you can keep 'Richard'—and I will bind myself with a will to leave you all I possess. I will bind myself, also, by making your adoption binding according to law. Meanwhile you may have this five thousand dollars in your own possession simply to prove my good faith. I hope, however, you won't spend it lavishly just to prove it is yours. Now, Mr. Overstreet, you do not know me, tho I know you so thoroly. Very well. You shall go to Indianapolis, Missouri, where I have lived for forty years, you shall ask everybody about me, ask about my farm, go and look at it, satisfy yourself that I am one of the substantial farmers in the community. I shall not accompany you, for I want your investigations to be absolutely free. After this visit, if you have satisfied yourself that I am a man who means what he says, you will come back here, where we'll go thru the legal forms. If the thing doesn't please you, you'll return my five thousand dollars—you see how absolutely I am trusting you—and I'll look around for another heir. Goodnight, here you are——"

And he drew from his pocket an immense wad of yellow bills.

Richard retreated from before this dazzling attack. He was intensely excited by what he had heard, and by the prospects that seemed opening up before him, but when excited, his manner was usually the quietest. "Just keep it for the present," he smiled somewhat palely. "You see I work from about eight in the evening till two or three in the morning, and I'm always pretty tired when I come to my room. I don't believe I could think of any way to spend that money in bed, and in bed is where I expect to be until about high noon."

"I will be waiting for you in front of the



The Only Other Occupant of the Car, a Young Woman, Drove Thru.

"I Have Five Thousand Dollars for You."

house at 1 o'clock," the old man replied, not smiling, not showing in any way whether he liked or disliked the other's style of humor. "You will, I hope, take luncheon with me. Goodnight."

II.

SHALL HE ACCEPT THE POSITION?

HITHERTO it had been the habit of Richard Overstreet to fall asleep almost as soon as he tucked the covers about him in his unheated room. Tonight this habit forsook him. He could not, as he had said, spend that five thousand dollars in bed; but he could think of a hundred ways of spending such a sum.

Richard Overstreet had no particular reasons of interest or sentiment to cling to his family name. He had no family. From a very tender age he had been an orphan. His father had deserted his mother and his mother had placed him in an orphans' home, where in order to be with him, she had served as housekeeper under the matron. He could just barely remember her. He had received comfort from assurances of the home authorities that she had been a cultured young woman, good, quiet, but without experience. She had no near relatives, and naturally Richard had never felt any desire to hunt out his father's people, even had he held clews to their whereabouts. All his life, he had been forced to make his way alone. He had been knocked about pretty roughly, for the world is apt to knock one about who has not the means or the prestige to knock back.

He did not care particularly for the name of "Travis," but certainly he had no foolish pride in "Overstreet." If his mother had been an Overstreet, probably he would have rejected the old man's offer without further consideration; but she had been he knew not what, and "Overstreet" meant to him an unworthy father, a deserted home.

So much for the name. As for the $5,000, that was more than he could make at his present business in five years. He really sympathized with the old man's desire to keep unworthy heirs from entering into his hard-earned possessions. Had Richard been an old man who by laborious labor had laid by something like forty thousand dollars, he would not have been willing to see it all go to scamps, to idle and indifferent connections, and he would have been afraid, just as Mr. Travis apparently was afraid, that if he willed the property elsewhere, the will would be broken.

Richard was pleased, but could not be surprised, that he had been picked out as worthy of the property. He knew himself to be all those nice things that the other had said about him. He was not used to being told that he was honest and reliable and all the rest, but it was true, and he was perfectly convinced that his merits fitted him in every way to stand between the old man and unworthy heirs.

As to the old man himself, he was not a person that Richard would have picked out for a father. There was something about him which Richard, in thinking it over, could only explain to himself—tho the word hardly conveyed the impression—as

"Don't Go! You Have Nothing to Fear From Me."

"deep." The long white beard and white hair, not very well smoothed-down, suggested a Santa Claus, but, in spite of the roll of money in his hand, not a benevolent Santa Claus. Richard explained it by concluding that Mr. Travis hated his connections more than he liked his prospective heir.

Again, Mr. Travis did not talk as one would suppose a farmer from a place called "Indianapolis, Missouri" would talk; his grammar was good, his words well-chosen. But he must be a farmer from that out-of-the-world place, else he would not have

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More Chapters in George Ethelbert Walsh's Best Sea and Adventure Story.

South Sea Pebbles

CHAPTER IV.

KALPUTA had not gained his reputation thru cowardice. He had the rough bravery of the average outlaw of the Southern Seas, and after the first shock of surprise he started for the long boat with a roar of rage. Climbing into it, he ordered the Papuans to their oars, using his fists and feet to emphasize his commands.

From his position on the beach, Scar watched the race for the Bounty. The rakish-looking schooner came about on another tack before the long boat reached the middle of the lagoon, and headed for the anchored ship. There was a commotion on the deck of the latter, the four fuzzy-headed sailors left behind displaying a panicky fear that was quite natural. Without a leader they ran up and down the deck like so many monkeys, gesticulating wildly.

Nothing but the fear of the sharks that infested the waters kept them from plunging overboard and swimming for the shore. They had no intention of offering resistance to the crew that far outnumbered them.

"An even bet they'll take to the water," laughed Scar. "A Papuan's as safe there as on land."

His prophecy was fulfilled almost before it was out of his mouth. One dark form suddenly dived and disappeared from sight. This was the signal for the others, and three successive splashes followed. Even at that distance Scar could see their black bobbing heads as they swam desperately for land.

"That leaves Li in sole possession," he added thoughtfully. "Poor Li, I hope they won't kill him."

The swimming Papuans made for the reef, and then finding it an inhospitable place to land they skirted along the edge of it like a string of ducks following a leader. One of them apparently caught sight of Kalputa's boat, for he set up a screeching and chattering that the others quickly imitated.

They met near the entrance of the channel, Kalputa helping them aboard with willing hands. Now that they were faced by an enemy of unknown strength, the leader was anxious to conserve his force. Every one would be needed to recover the ship.

The schooner came alongside the Bounty, and a boat load of black natives soon climbed up on its deck. There was no enemy to meet, except poor Li Sin, and Scar felt genuine pity for him.

The unopposed capture of the Bounty must have enraged Kalputa beyond description, but the sight of the boatload of natives that had swarmed over her decks had also a quieting effect on him. A few moments later when a second boat was launched from the side of the schooner, and a score or two of fierce-looking little warriors leaped into it, his prudence came to the surface.

He turned his boat back and headed for the shore as fast as his six Papuan sailors, reinforced now with the four picked from the water, could row it. When they reached the middle of the lagoon, Scar got up and moved back among the palm trees.

"When there's nothing else to do take to the woods," he grinned.

From his more secluded ambush, he took a quiet survey of the interesting scene. Kalputa was being pursued now by two boatloads of natives, and in the bow of one Scar thought he recognized the figure of Captain Bernice. If she was directing the pursuit in person, the outcome might prove highly interesting.

He had recovered his gun from the beach, and altho his right wrist, where the dart had entered the flesh and struck the bone, pained him, the hand was far from helpless. It was throbbing, and a little unsteady, but in a pinch he could give a good account of himself; of this much he was fully confident.

Retreating still further as the boats neared the beach, he waited for Kalputa. He was more to be feared than Captain Bernice and her men. Kalputa would kill in cold blood. A woman couldn't do that. It was against her nature.

His interest in the race was suddenly brought to an intense climax. Kalputa's boat seemed to stop, shiver, and half turn on its side. Then it began to fill and sink rapidly. In their excitement the Papuans had plunged the bow straight upon a coral rock that had lanced it like a knife going thru cheese.

With howls of fear, the men plunged overboard and completed the rest of the trip to shore swimming. Kalputa led, and when he crawled upon dry land he stopped long enough to rescue his gun from his mop of hair where he had kept it dry. The next moment he was blazing away at the nearest boatload of natives.

His shots went true, for three tumbled over yelling, and for a moment there was a panic among the rest. But it was of short duration. A sheet of flame burst from the bow of the nearest boat followed by a loud report. Calmly and with deliberation, Captain Bernice was shooting with a rifle at the crowd of renegades.

Two of their number fell before Kalputa realized that a small navy pistol was an inadequate weapon against a Winchester. He turned and fled as a bullet clipped his ear and carried away the lobe of it.

"Hello, this is where I must either get into the battle or move!" exclaimed Scar when the fleeing Papuans ran straight for his rendezvous. There were only three cartridges left in his gun, and, not counting the two dead on the beach, there were still eight men left with Kalputa.

"I'll save my ammunition for a better time," he decided, and withdrew deeper into the palm grove.

Once under the shelter of the trees, Kalputa made

a show to stand his ground. But the pursuing force had no idea of facing an intrenched enemy. Instead of attacking in force, they began spreading out on either side, encircling the grove from all quarters.

Kalputa abandoned his position and retreated in order to avoid being surrounded. This little strategic move was executed so rapidly that Scar had no time to withdraw ahead of them. He squatted down and remained quiet until they had passed him.

He was between the two fires now, one in front and one behind, and of the two he was undecided which to trust. Kalputa would shoot him down on sight, and the angry natives swarming around him in front would undoubtedly do the same.

Captain Bernice remained on the beach near the boat, leaving her warriors to beat the bushes and drive the game from cover. Scar looked around and for the first time gave the island in back of the beach close study. It was not of coral formation thruout. It was of solid rock, sloping up to a considerable height, with the trees growing more densely at the higher altitudes. Like many similar rocky islets in the Southern waters, the edge was fringed with coral, but back of that the foundations were composed of more solid material.

"It looks like a pretty big island," he muttered. "I may find a place to hide where neither Kalputa nor these little Papuans can find me."

He began creeping cautiously thru the grove, keeping the trees behind and in front of him to conceal his body. It was an erratic retreat, and every minute he expected to hear the ping of a bullet. Absolute silence had fallen. The natives in their accustomed way were stalking their prey in true aboriginal fashion.

Scar's nerves tingled, for this sort of fighting was unwelcome to him. He much preferred to face a visible foe and kill or be killed. But there was no other choice. So long as his foes on either side kept under cover he had to do the same.

Gradually he reached higher ground and the thicker brush and groves of trees that flourished there. Measurably safer here he accelerated his retreat, running across open spaces and bending low down only when necessary.

THE rocky nature of the middle of the island soon increased his chances of escape. Huge bowlders and sharp clefts in the rocks made natural hiding places. Once he stepped into a crevice twenty feet deep and a dozen wide that offered a good hiding place.

Scar scrambled down into the hollow and concealed himself just in the nick of time. Behind a bowlder a fuzzy black head came into view at the opposite end, its owner creeping and peering cautiously around. Thru a screen of vines, Scar was enabled to identify the man. It was one of the Papuans from the schooner, and not a member of the crew of the Bounty.

Scar's heart beat rapidly now, for he realized that he was at a great disadvantage. The Papuans probably knew every foot of the island, while it was all unfamiliar to him. He dared not move or retreat for fear of stumbling into an ambush.

The head did not appear again, and the silence got onto Scar's nerves. Once there was a whining, droning sound that seemed to come out of the air over his head. It was followed a few moments later by a groan.

He shuddered, for he knew that a poisoned Papuan dart had found its victim, but whether it was one of Kalputa's men or that of the invading party he could not tell. Kalputa himself had evidently been successful in finding a hiding place, for no crack of a gun disturbed the peaceful calm of the island.

The deadly silence that reigned was more disturbing to Scar than the noise of conflict, for a creepy sensation that the little Papuans were crawling all around him, peering at him from behind every tree or watching from each rock and stone, kept him nervous and restless.

Once again the whining drone of a poisoned dart startled him, and he waited impatiently for the sequel. It came a moment later in a smothered cry. The Papuans were stalking their prey, one by one, and bringing them down with their deadly weapons. When on the warpath their bone tipped darts were dipped in poison that meant a quick death. Nothing but luck had saved Scar from a similar fate when one of Kalputa's men winged him on the beach. Either the dart had not been poisoned or it had been kept so long that the venom had lost its strength.

There was little chance he would meet with a similar piece of good luck now, for the Papuans on his trail were out for blood. The death of several of their number by Kalputa's gun had angered them. They were out to kill.

The click of a stone that had been dislodged by a careless foot in front of his hiding place brought him to quick attention. A head protruded above a rock once more. Scar could see the small black eyes and flat nostrils of the savage. It was a fair shot, and Scar half raised his weapon to take advantage of it.

Then, remembering the small number of cartridges left, he changed his mind. To open hostilities now would invite immediate death. He could kill half a dozen of the Papuans, but the others would swarm around him like ants until he was overpowered.

With a sigh he lowered his weapon. The head was still in sight, and the eyes directed toward him. Scar had an uncanny sensation that they saw him. It made him uncomfortable, and he withdrew further behind his screen.

Suddenly the stealthy Papuan lowered his head, and raised both arms aloft, wriggling his fingers as if signaling. Scar's suspicions were aroused. Had the man discovered his hiding place? If so was he calling for reinforcements?

Rather than be surrounded and trapped in such a place, Scar decided to make a break for the open where he might give a good account of himself in a fight. He glanced upward thinking to scramble out of his hole before it was too late.

The sight which met his gaze gave him a shock of his life. Directly over

What the Story Is About

SOUTH SEA PEBBLES—wonderful glistening pearls of amazing size and enormous value, the product of a small, probably uncharted island in the southern waters of the Pacific Ocean—were not entirely unknown to the native sailors of the southwest island groups, but few of the precious gems had ever reached the outside, civilized world. The black natives who gathered them occasionally sold a few in distant ports, but the exact location of their own obscure little island few white men had ever been able to discover, while many had perished in the attempt.

When the sailing ship Bounty was drifting thru the Great Barrier Reef, two days out from New Castle Bay, her captain and other officers were probably bent on a lawful and peaceful mission, but after the crew of island blacks, fired with an over-supply of rum, mutinied and killed all who opposed them, or forced them to take to the sea in a small boat—which was the wounded skipper's fate—the ship came under command of "Sandy McKay," a halfbreed whose native name was

KALPUTA, a cutthroat and would-be pirate, who promptly decided to emulate the career and exploits of the once notorious Captain Kidd. The only decent member of the crew, so far as conduct and attention to duty were concerned, was

LI SIN, the Chinese cook, who had little to say, but much do do. While Kalputa was bemoaning the fact that was no compass or chart aboard the ship, and was about to assault the Chinaman for throwing the captain's log book and papers overboard, a queer, seedy-looking figure appeared on deck. It was no apparition, but a man—a stowaway, as he explained. He said his name was anything they might be pleased to call him, but he was best known as

SCAR, Billy Scar, if they liked it better. Yes, he could sail a ship, or a craft, without chart or compass, if it came to a pinch. In fact, he admitted that he was a derelict of the South Seas, and had been for some years. He had heard of a nameless island whose shores were clothed with wondrous pearls of amazing size and prismatic splendor. In a certain port he had seen a woman skipper of a small schooner bartering for some of them. She was dressed in a man's attire, and had thrown one of the pearls into his face for staring at her. She was known to seafaring men as

CAPTAIN BERNICE, whose parents had been a white sea captain and a Papuan princess, and her black followers intimated that she was the acknowledged guardian of the South Sea Pebbles.

Scar was accepted by Kalputa as pilot of the ship, and after many disputes, fights and days of sailing, with Scar and Kalputa ever at outs, they discovered an island that was new to all aboard the Bounty, and Scar and Kalputa, with half a dozen of the Papuans from the crew, went ashore.

A deadly quarrel ensued between Kalputa and Scar, which was stopped when a piratical-looking schooner, heavily manned by native blacks, was seen approaching the Bounty, the latter lying at anchor and safeguarded by only four of the Papuan, or negritos, sailors.

"Captain Bernice to the rescue!" cried Scar in his excitement, believing she would become his aid if he could but speak to her and show her the big pearl she once had thrown at him.

him stood two Papuans, each balancing a stone over his head ready to launch it. With a smothered exclamation of fear, Scar tried to dodge the descending missiles, but in his small, cramped quarters he was only partially successful.

One stone struck his right arm and knocked the gun from his hand. The other hit a projecting ledge, bounded off and struck his head a glancing blow. The dull impact of the stone seemed to crack his skull. He had a vague feeling of struggling desperately to hold off the enemy, but blindness, followed by a dizzy, reeling sensation, overcame him.

When he regained consciousness again, he was lying on his back, trussed up hand and foot, with a double circle of grinning Papuans standing around him. In the short interval of unconsciousness, they had made sure their prisoner could no longer offer resistance.

The discovery of his helpless position enraged Scar, but the same spirit that had made him defy Kalputa came to his assistance now. He grinned back at the savages.

"Where's Captain Bernice?" he asked cheerfully.

His captors stared at him, and shook their heads. Either they did not understand or didn't want to.

"Tell her I want to see her," he continued. "Take me to her, you bjithering idiots!"

It was a command rather than a request, but it had no apparent effect upon the little black fellows. They began to dance around him, jabbering in a dialect unfamiliar to him.

One of them produced a long pole, and with the assistance of two others it was thrust thru the ropes binding their prisoner's arms and legs. When they lifted the ends, Scar found himself suspended by his bonds, with his face downward.

It was an uncomfortable position, and Scar held back his groans with difficulty every time they jolted him; but the thoughts that they were carrying him to the beach sustained him. Captain Bernice would see that he was not tortured and killed.

"She's half white, and a woman," he reasoned. "She can't kill in cold blood."

When they reached the lower level of the beach, they dropped him, and Scar had the first opportunity to raise his head and look around. Neither the schooner nor the Bounty was in sight. He winked and blinked and craned his neck for a better view. It was not that the boats had magically vanished, but the beach they were on was on a different side of the island.

Scar's quick mind took in the situation, and for the first time real fear seized him. This was intensified a moment later when the Papuans began gathering driftwood to build a fire. Ancient torture forms were supposed to be an obsolete institution among the islanders, but Scar knew that they were practiced in a sporadic fashion whenever the opportunity offered.

His captors were preparing for a quiet festival, while Captain Bernice was away. Perhaps she had returned to the schooner or was aboard the Bounty making investigations. Unless she returned in time, he would receive short shrift from the little savages.

When the smoke from the fire first curled upward and filled his nostrils, Scar let out a yell that could be heard half a mile. If his voice could carry across the island to the schooner, it might attract the attention of Captain Bernice. Evidently the Papuans sensed this, and with more force than gentleness, they stuffed his mouth with handfuls of seaweed and leaves.

Gasping and sputtering for breath, Scar dropped back and groaned. The fate awaiting him made even his dauntless spirit wince. To be tortured to make a holiday for a bunch of black savages was about the limit. Scar's flesh quivered as if the flames were already scorching it.

CHAPTER V.

THERE was a respite while the black men prepared the necessary setting for the ceremony. Torture was not simply the painful disposal of their enemy. It was a rite. A certain religious ceremony had to go with it, for otherwise the gods of the little black men would not be propitiated by the sacrifice.

The fire was built in the center of a circle of rocks, which the men gathered and placed in formal positions. These then were sprinkled with sea water, while they danced around in a circle, uttering in a sing-song voice queer jabbering noises.

A few live fish were next caught and brought to the fire, apparently to serve as a feast before the main event. Scar did not know or care. His mind was in a panic. The cold sweat was dripping off him. It was inconceivable that he, Billy Scar, wanderer and adventurer, who had escaped unscathed a dozen deaths, should end his career in such an ignoble, horrible way! Yet there was the crackling fire and the dancing savages waiting for their victim.

Where was Captain Bernice? Could it be that she permitted such horrifying practices? Had the white blood of her father been so completely submerged by that of her savage mother she had lost all the finer instincts of civilization?

A feeling of rage and disgust for her seized him. He caught himself cursing her pretty face and alluring eyes. Better a thousand times to be killed by Kalputa than burned alive by those grinning, jabbering men.

A sense of impotent helplessness followed his outburst of wrath. The fates were against him. Unless Captain Bernice appeared to save him, he would suffer the torments of the damned.

And Captain Bernice did not appear. She was at that time aboard the schooner, waiting for her little men to return after they had cleared the island of the invaders, who had deliberately shot down several of her people.

But the approaching activities were temporarily halted by the unexpected appearance of another. Li Sin, smiling and nodding to his companions, strutted along with exaggerated swagger, talking to the savages in their queer dialect. Apparently he had made peace with them, and had been invited to the ceremony.

Scar's hopes rebounded at the sight of the Chinese cook. Making a desperate effort, he spit out his gag of seaweed and palm leaves. "Li, you're just in time," he called. "These black devils were about to torture me. If you can't get them to release me go back and find Captain Bernice. She'll stop it!"

Now Li's Oriental eyes slanted just a trifle in his direction, but otherwise he paid no attention to the prisoner's appeal.

"Li! Li!" Scar added desperately. "You slant-eyed Chink, don't you hear me!"

It was the nudging of his companions more than Scar's appeal that finally induced Li to turn to him. The Papuans were grinning and pointing to their victim. Li took notice, and stared at Scar. Then he grinned, gesticulated with childish glee, and jabbered in the native dialect.

"For God's sake, Li, you haven't turned savage, too!" shouted Scar. "You heathen, I believe——"

To Scar's surprise and anger, the ship's cook stooped down, picked up some sand, and hurled it spitefully in his face, screaming and shouting in a tongue that every Papuan understood. The natives enjoyed this little play, for they increased the shouting and dancing, making Li the center of their demonstration.

And bowing and strutting like a little turkey cock, Li accepted the flattering attention with evident pleasure. For some reason he had impressed the Papuans, and he was a big man among them.

Scar dropped back with a groan. The ship's cook, either thru fear of his own life, or an awakened atavistic tendency that had reverted him to savagery, was actually eager to take part in the ancient ceremony of torture.

"You d—n little shrimp of a yellow ——," began Scar, but Li suddenly sprang toward him, and actually spat at him.

His tongue jabbered in the unfamiliar dialect, heaping what amounted to maledictions upon his former friend's head. Scar listened in silence, too stunned to reply. Either Li had gone violently insane or he had always been an enemy.

Having vented his spite upon Scar, the

Bounty's cook turned to his new found friends and joined them in the preparations for the preliminary feast. The live fish that had been caught fresh from the sea were cleaned, and Li helped in broiling them over the hot coals. Scar watched them with narrowing eyes, his mind active and alert for any chance to escape.

A dozen wild schemes came to him, but were dismissed as impracticable. The time was short for him to do anything to escape. The Papuan head-hunters of the interior were once more dancing merrily around the fire. Li had assumed the position of chief cook, for he was busy broiling the fish, and when they were done to a turn he spread them out on the flat rocks.

There was a grand rush for them, and Scar soon had the disgusting picture presented to him of a score of greedy black men tearing at the bones of the fish as they danced and jabbered around the fire.

"They're working themselves up for the real entertainment," he said bitterly. "In a short time they'll be dancing around me in the same way."

In spite of the horror of the thought, he smiled grimly. After all a man had only one life to lose, and unconsciousness would mercifully blot out the pain of the scorching flames.

He closed his eyes a few moments, anxious to shut out the scene and review the past. There was much in it to regret, and many things that he was a little proud of. Memory brought both pain and pleasure. Once or twice he winced, and his lips tightened, when certain unpleasant recollections drifted thru his mind. He laughed finally at an absurd fancy, and opened his eyes with a start.

The dancing and singing had subsided somewhat. There was a lack of snap to it. One or two of the Papuans were seated on the ground looking dreamily at the fire, and the others lolled around lazily or hopped up and down with apparent effort, and not as if they enjoyed it.

Li was still attending to his duties, cleaning and broiling fish. Scar scowled at his back, his anger at the cook returning with a rush. While he looked another dancer stumbled in his step and lay flat on the sand as if utterly wearied out by his exertions. Another, who had been holding half a fish in his hands, yawned and dropped the succulent mess.

The feast and dance had come to an end. There was no one anxious to prolong it. Half a dozen were sleeping on the sands, with arms and legs sprawled out or drawn up under them. The others began dropping in their tracks, and before their heads touched the earth their eyes closed.

Scar sat up with a jerk, the better to watch the queer proceedings. The small amount of fish they had eaten could hardly account for their sleepiness. The real event had not yet begun.

Something suspiciously sly and furtive in Li's movements suddenly attracted his attention. The Bounty's cook turned his slanting eyes around and watched the last man who had fallen. Scar was sure there was a grin on the Oriental's face.

The whole gang of Papuans were now sprawled out on the ground fast asleep. The last one had finally yielded to Morpheus. Li rose slowly from his seat and prodded the nearest with a foot, and receiving no response from the inert figure he proceeded to treat the others in the same way. He moved completely around the circle, prodding each one with a foot. By degrees he came nearer to Scar.

Suddenly, looking up, he remarked, grinning: "They verra sleepy, Mister Scar."

The yellow skin of the dried up cook looked as if it might crack under the tension of the grin that stretched from ear to ear.

"Me tired and sleepy too," yawning. "Mebbe fish not agree with um—me not know."

Scar had come to his senses. Li Sin was merely feigning sleep, for his eyes were sparkling merrily.

"Li, you Oriental sonofagun!" he exclaimed. "You've drugged them!"

Li shook his head. "Me verra good cook. They think me verra good cook."

SCAR shook himself and rolled over with joy and laughter. The meaning of the scene came to him in a flash. Li had sprinkled a drug on each fish before distributing it to the greedy Papuans, and one by one they toppled over in the dance to dream dreams more entrancing than those of an opium eater.

"Li," Scar added, controlling himself, "I thought I told you to use that sleeping portion in Kalputa's food and here you've drugged Captain Bernice's men. What will she say when she finds it out?"

"Cap'n Bernice verra nice lady," was the reply. "She tell Li his cooking like—like—Heaven. Mebbe so. She verra nice—me like her."

"Aren't you going to finish the job by freeing me?" interrupted Scar. "I ache in every bone, Li."

"You verra impatient, Mister Scar," was the chuckling response, as the cook whipped out a knife and cut the bonds.

Once freed Scar staggered to his feet and began exercising his legs and arms to get back the normal blood circulation. When he had whipped himself into shape, he prodded the nearest sleeper with a foot.

"They're not dead, are they, Li?" he asked in a little awe.

"Dead man no snore like rooster crowing," commented Li. "Mebbe wake up soon."

"Then I'd better get out of here. How long will the effect of the drug last?"

"Mebbe long while—mebbe not," with a grave shake of the head. "Papuan have funny stomach—eat anything—mebbe drug last little while."

Several of the sleepers were already stirring uneasily, showing signs of recovery. Scar stood a moment in indecision.

"Captain Bernice didn't know of this, did she, Li?" he asked.

"Cap'n Bernice verra nice lady," was the comment.

"Then she'd save me. I'd better go and surrender to her. Where is she?"

"She mebbe on ship—but me think not—me hear something—listen!"

Voices in the distance could be clearly distinguished, coming from the other side of the island. Li climbed to the top of the rocks, followed by Scar. From there they had a view of the beach facing the lagoon, with the schooner and Bounty at anchor outside the reef. Near the shore was a long boat, with a dozen or more Papuans aboard. They were rowing directly for the spot where the first one was drawn up on the sands.

Li and Scar watched them in silence for a few moments, each scanning the approaching boat for a sight of the same object. Li first broke the silence. "Cap'n Bernice not come," he said. "Mebbe verra wise to go, Mister Scar."

"Yes, I don't want to fall into their hands," replied Scar, rising. "But how about you, Li? Are you in any danger?"

"Me cook for um. They like Chinaman's cooking. Me safe."

Scar was still doubtful. "But when they see the sleepers won't they suspect something?"

"Me wake um up," grinned Li.

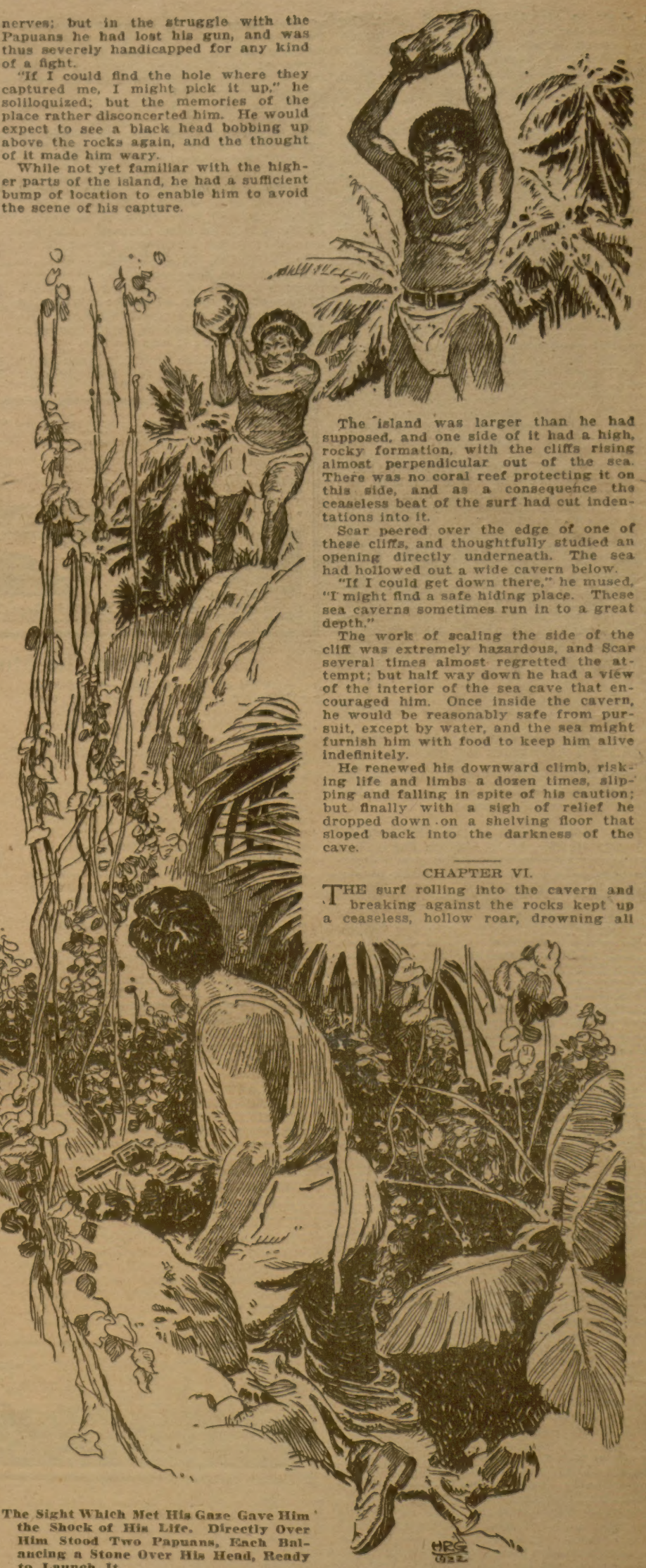
Scar remained on the top of the rock where he would watch the approaching boatload of natives, while the Chinaman crawled down out of sight. In a few moments he saw Li busy drenching the sleeping Papuans with salt water that he fetched from the sea and soused over them. The unexpected shower bath had an immediate effect on the sleepers. One by one they rolled over and struggled to a half sitting position. They were too dazed to take note of their surroundings, but an idiotic smile parted their lips.

"Time for me to vanish," Scar muttered, and before one of the savages could get full control of his senses he stole away and disappeared in the thickets.

Determined this time to get a better start of Captain Bernice's men, Billy gave less attention to the manner of his going than to his speed. After a foretaste of being burned alive, he had less fear of Kalputa than of the little fuzzy-headed black men who had temporarily succumbed to aboriginal instincts. An open fight with Kalputa, indeed, would have been a relief to his overwrought nerves; but in the struggle with the Papuans he had lost his gun, and was thus severely handicapped for any kind of a fight.

"If I could find the hole where they captured me, I might pick it up," he soliloquized; but the memories of the place rather disconcerted him. He would expect to see a black head bobbing up above the rocks again, and the thought of it made him wary.

While not yet familiar with the higher parts of the island, he had a sufficient bump of location to enable him to avoid the scene of his capture.



The Sight Which Met His Gaze Gave Him the Shock of His Life. Directly Over Him Stood Two Papuans, Each Balancing a Stone Over His Head, Ready to Launch It.

There was no immediate danger of pursuit. The second boatload of men from the schooner would know nothing about his capture and escape until the sleeping Papuans had been revived by Li's cold water bath. Even then, Scar surmised, they would be dazed and groggy for a time so that they could not recall the immediate past. On the whole, therefore, he felt reasonably safe from them for the present, and if he didn't walk into a trap set by Kalputa he had nothing to worry about.

By gaining a higher elevation, he hoped to get a general survey of the island, which would help him in outwitting the enemy. There was, of course, the danger of exposing himself in doing this, and he began making his way along more cautiously the higher he climbed.

The island was larger than he had supposed, and one side of it had a high, rocky formation, with the cliffs rising almost perpendicular out of the sea. There was no coral reef protecting it on this side, and as a consequence the ceaseless beat of the surf had cut indentations into it.

Scar peered over the edge of one of these cliffs, and thoughtfully studied an opening directly underneath. The sea had hollowed out a wide cavern below.

"If I could get down there," he mused, "I might find a safe hiding place. These sea caverns sometimes run in to a great depth."

The work of scaling the side of the cliff was extremely hazardous, and Scar several times almost regretted the attempt; but half way down he had a view of the interior of the sea cave that encouraged him. Once inside the cavern, he would be reasonably safe from pursuit, except by water, and the sea might furnish him with food to keep him alive indefinitely.

He renewed his downward climb, risking life and limbs a dozen times, slipping and falling in spite of his caution; but finally with a sigh of relief he dropped down on a shelving floor that sloped back into the darkness of the cave.

CHAPTER VI.

THE surf rolling into the cavern and breaking against the rocks kept up a ceaseless, hollow roar, drowning all other noises. The spray and spume rose in dense, misty clouds, forming a sort of screen at the entrance. Between the muffled pounding of the surf and the foggy spray, Scar felt that his movements were pretty well camouflaged. No one could hear the click of his heels on the stones, nor see him until he was close at hand.

But he reasoned the same natural phenomena that protected him might be of equal value to another hiding in the cave. Indeed, the protecting screen at the entrance might easily prove to be his undoing, for the strong light outside would penetrate the foggy mist and silhouette his figure in clear outline to watchful eyes inside.

"Some little Papuan may be lurking

(Continued on Page 18.)

A Page for the Woman in the Home

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Oranges
Cereal and Top Milk
Combination Pancakes
Strained Honey
Coffee and Milk

DINNER.

Clear Tomato Soup With Noodles
Chicken and Green Pepper Hash
Baked Potatoes
Squash
Grape Fruit in Cups
Cookies

SUPPER.

Stewed Lima Beans
Bread and Butter
Canned Fruit Cookies
Cocoa

Combination Pancakes.

Soak one cup of cornmeal over night in sour cream, sour milk or buttermilk. In the morning add scant teaspoon salt, one cup entire wheat flour, one cup of white flour and two eggs, well beaten. Add sour milk to desired consistency and scant teaspoon soda dissolved in a little warm water.

Stewed Lima Beans.

Put a pint of dried and soaked Lima beans into slightly salted boiling water, with one or two slices of onion. When tender, drain them and remove the onion; now add two ounces of butter, enough hot water or stock to moisten the beans, and a little pepper; simmer ten or fifteen minutes.

Noodles for Soup.

Beat the yolks of two eggs very thoroly, add sifted flour to make firm, smooth paste. Roll thin, and cut in narrow slices about an inch long. Put into boiling water for ten minutes, then into cold water for two or three minutes.

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

GOOD morning, everybody! Did you ever awaken with the sun streaming thru the blinds—and with an appetite like a bear's? That's what I did this morning. I was so eagerly hungry that I thought of what I would have for dinner tonight. The day is so crisp, I decided to have Mock Roast Duck. I'll warrant you've never heard of Mock Roast Duck! Well, this is what you make it with: 2 large pork tenderloins, split lengthwise and flattened out; 1 needle; 1 yard stout white thread; 1 thimble; 1 onion, chopped fine; 5 slices stale bread cut into small cubes; 1 teaspoonful powdered sage; 1 saltspoon of sugar; 1 saltspoon of salt; one-half saltspoon pepper; milk or cream.

Lay the tenderloins side by side with the split side up, and with the pointed end of one near the blunt end of the other. Sew the near edges of the two together until you have a boat-like affair. Into this place the dressing, made by stirring all the other dry ingredients together, mixing them thoroly, and adding enough milk or cream to make the ingredients doughy. After the dressing nas been packed in well, sew up the other edges of the meat. Wrap the whole in a piece of buttered brown paper and place in a small pan or skillet and bake three-quarters of an hour. When you take it from the oven, it will resemble nothing so much as a young baked duck, both in color and in shape. I'm sure most of you will like it.

A very delicious cake is Graham Cracker Cake. It is a moist pineapple layer cake. The ingredients for the batter are: One cup graham cracker crumbs; 1 cup flour (wheat); 1 tablespoon baking powder; 2 saltspoons salt; 3 eggs; one-half cup butter; 1 cup milk.

Sift into the milk the flour, baking-powder and salt. Mix with this the crumbled graham crackers. Cream together the butter and the sugar. Whip up the yolks of the eggs and cream into the butter and sugar. Add this to the flour, etc. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. And this next. The batter should drop instead of run. Divide equally between three large and copiously buttered cake pans. Make certain that they lie perfectly level in the oven. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes, watching very carefully that the cakes may not burn around the rims. When done, turn each cake out carefully upon the bottom of an empty cake tin.

When cool, the upturned bottoms should be spread thinly with an uncooked icing made of a cup of powdered sugar creamed into a tablespoon of butter, a

(Continued on Page 11.)

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

THE HOME SHAMPOO

DO YOU shampoo your own hair?

If you do, don't feel sorry for yourself. It is hard work, perhaps, but it may be made thoroly satisfactory.

That means, that if you will spend just a little money getting the means of making it satisfactory work, you won't dread giving yourself a shampoo.

To begin with, there is the means of rinsing it. This is really one of the most vital importance. It is difficult to do this in a basin of water—not impossible, but difficult. Therefore a spray is worth buying. You can buy one for a dollar or a little more, one good enough so that if it is carefully dried out after each using, it will last for a long time. If you have no running water you can get better results by rinsing your hair with a watering can than in a basin of water, no matter how many times it is changed. This, of course, necessitates a little help from somebody else, but it is not difficult to get that much help.

Then, next comes the soap. There are so many good shampoo mixtures on the market nowadays that it is simply necessary to find out which one agrees best with your hair. Choose the soap or liquid that gives you the best results. Perhaps you will find that this is castile, shaved up and dissolved in hot water, with a little borax or ammonia added. Anyway, have on hand plenty of your favorite cleaning material.

There are rubber shampoo aprons that help very much if you are giving a shampoo to some other member of your family. They cover your frock and keep it from getting wet. And of course if you do shampoo the other members of your family, you can save an appreciable amount of money.

But about the only way to give yourself a shampoo is to take off your frock entirely and do it with bare arms and throat. Then, while the hair is drying, get into a warm, woolly wrapper of some sort, so that you won't take cold.

And remember to dry the hair thoroly. A half drying leaves the hair in bad condition and moreover wet hair may give you a stiff neck or a cold. Use massage and dry towels and artificial heat—any and everything to make the hair dry.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

YOU WOULDN'T LIKE IT

YOU would hate to be called a hog, wouldn't you?

And yet there is a little of the hog in a good many of us and if we don't watch out we may do something that may warrant this title.

We have all heard of the "end-seat hog," the man or woman who sits on the entrance end of the seat in an open car and allows passengers to climb over him getting in and out, so that he may have the comfort of sitting on the outside. There is really nothing you can do about him. He got there first, he feels that he is entitled to the seat, and apparently he would rather have passengers climb over him all along the way than to move from his vantage point.

Then there is this sort of person: Probably you wouldn't call her a hog but you might think she was all the same. She goes to a food store and sees a sign over a basket of oranges or eggs and the sign says "so much a dozen." Whereupon she sets to work to pick out the largest eggs or oranges in the basket. It may take her quite a while to do it, and she may have to turn some of the eggs or oranges out of the basket in order to get the very largest and best, but she resists none the less.

Then there is the man at the theater who slips his coat off in his seat. He lets the collar stick out at the back projecting in the aisle behind him, and the sides of the coat cover the arms of his chair at either side. He forgets that he must share the arms of his chair with the people beside him. Perhaps he becomes tired of sitting erect; so he lolls back in his seat, crosses one leg over the other knee and holds this comfortable pose by bracing the crossed leg against the back of the seat in front of him. From time to time he changes his attitude slightly, each time giving an extra dig at the chair ahead. He's another of the ill-bred type we could do without.

WHAT READERS ASK.

"I am a young man about to be married and as my fiancee's brother is a clergyman we have asked him to perform the ceremony. Is it customary under the circumstances to present the clergyman with a fee? Wouldn't it be embarrassing to do so?"

If you feel that it would be embarrassing to give the fee, then you had better not to it, but you might shortly after the marriage make him some present of value that you think he would like. Some clergymen always devote wedding fees to some special charity and if this is the case then of course your fee should not be omitted. To be sure that you are doing the right thing ask your fiancee's advice. She doubtless, knowing her brother better than you, will be able to give you the right advice.

These Talks on Etiquette Appear Each Week in the Ledger.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about it; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

ANGELA

ANGEL-LIKE is the translation of Angela, from the Greek angelos, meaning messenger, which the Romans interpreted as "heavenly messenger," and hence "angel." Angelos first became a proper name in the Byzantine Empire. It is believed to have begun as an epithet since it comes to light in Konstantinos Angelos, a young man of noble family whose beauty caused him to be the choice of the Princess Theodora Komnena in 1100. Because of the beauty of the family, Angelos became its surname.

The misdirected Crusade of the Venetians brought it to Greece and a monastic saint who preached at Palerno and was afterward murdered by a wicked count whose evil deeds he had rebuked, was one of the first to bear the name. The Garmelites, claimed St. Angelo as a saint of their order and the name, in both its masculiné and feminine forms, caught the fancy of Italy.

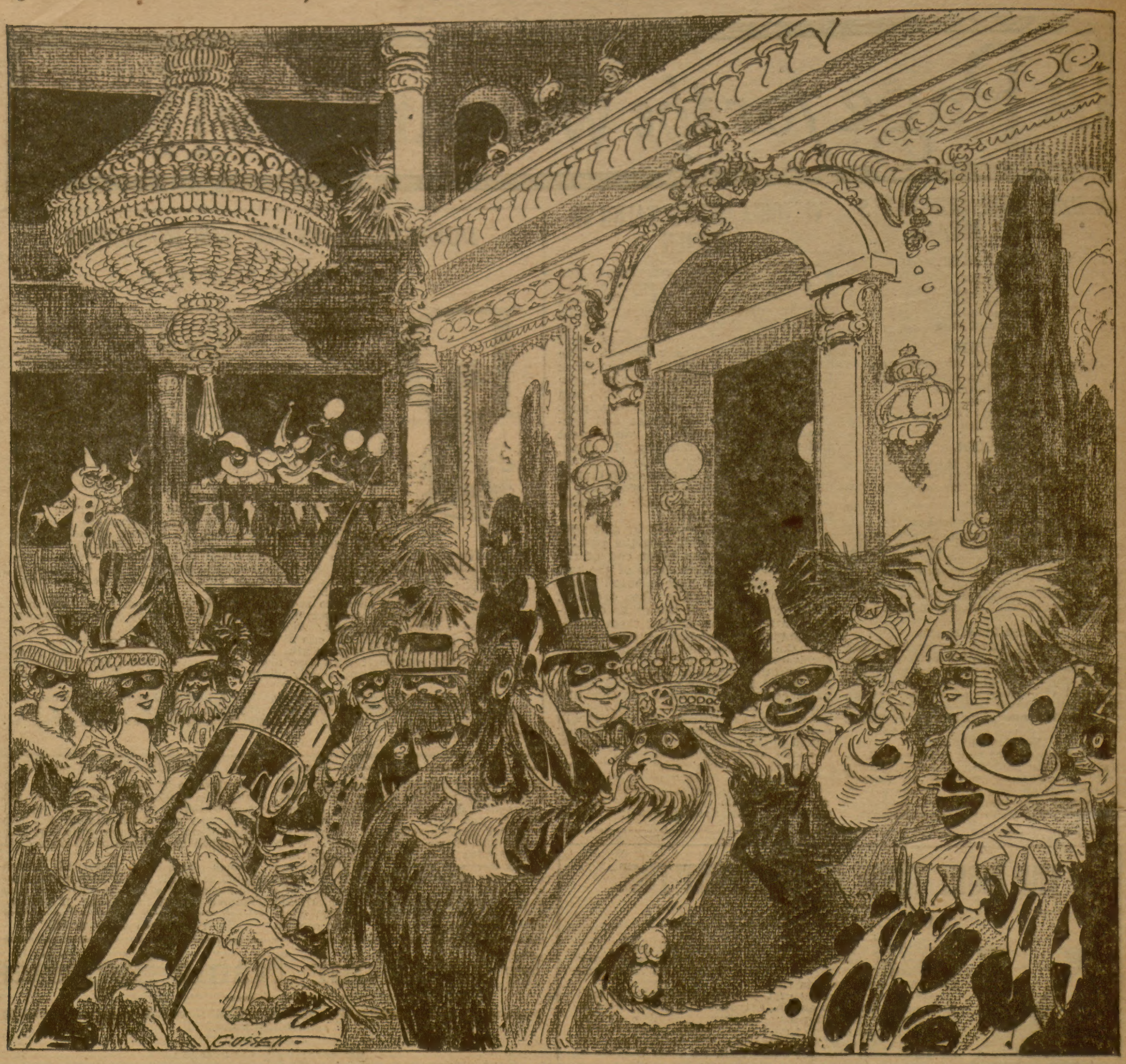
It became popular in other nations, due perhaps to its inseparable association with beauty, and also to the fashion of complimenting women as angels. The derivative Angelica is noted in romance as the faithless lady for whose sake Orlando lost his heart and senses, but she was a gratuitous invention of Boiardo and Ariosto, for Spanish ballads and earlier Italian poets make him the faithful husband of Alda. However, Angelica obtained that character for beauty which has made the name popular thru the centuries. It has been a particular favorite with authors thru all ages of literature, particularly in mid-Victorian fiction, where its heritage of fragile, virtuous beauty fitted it exceptionally for the name of its heroines. Angela, from time immemorial, has been applied to the fluffy, youthful, unsophisticated type with curly hair and wide innocent blue eyes.

The French call her Angelique and Angeline, England has evolved the derivative Angelot. Angiola, Angioletta and Angioleta are the Italian forms; the Teutonic versions are Engel and Engelchen. Ancela is Polish and Anjela and Anjelina have been evolved in Bohemian.

It is fitting that the pure beauty of Angela should have the pearl as her talismanic jewel. It insures her charm and purity and popularity. Should she dream of pearls, she will find new faithful friends. Monday is her lucky day, and when she wears a pearl, and 7 her lucky number.

Next Week: MAUDE. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 11 and 26



Tonight, Millionaire Standish Plays at Being Snow King.

Come and Get Me

By Mathilda St. John

OPAL DELNAM picked up the morning paper, started, looked keenly at a paragraph and summoned her maid.

"My — driving-suit—quickly, Marie. Either one! Hurry! I'll do my own hair. You lace my shoes——"

In forty minutes she was speeding down Poplar Drive as chauffeur and passenger, letting out her car intermittently at a goose-flesh rate. Then, once outside the city, she turned now recklessly westward and at such a speedometer reading that she had the sensation her car and she were standing still and that the landscape was racing past her.

After a flight of almost an hour she relaxed the speed and started to pick her way, and at last came within range of a great, high wall with periodic watch-towers and, within, barred, narrow-slitted windows in buildings.

Opal drew up in a wooded section of the drive, looked at her wrist-watch and took from her purse the newspaper item, which she again perused.

"Tinny Merlow, Released Today," it read. "Tinny Merlow, famous forger of the past decade, will walk out of the State penitentiary at Morraine today at 1:30 p. m. Merlow, sentenced in 1906 to thirty years, was paroled by Governor Long. At the time of his incarceration, Merlow was nothing but a lad——"

With another hasty glance at her watch, she tucked away the clipping and drove up to where she had a clear view of the great prison gates. A few minutes later they opened and a tall young fellow of slender build and not inelegant bearing came down the walk. As he neared the place where Opal's car was parked, she called to him. He removed his cap and came toward her.

"I beg your pardon," Opal began, brokenly, "but—reading of your release today, in this morning's paper, I decided to come and ask you whether you would be interested in—in a little business proposition."

The young paroled convict looked concerned but doubtful.

"Oh, it is perfectly legitimate," she added. "That is, it is not—well—'crooked'."

"Not crooked?" repeated Tinny. Then, "Aw, I'm afraid there's nothing doing, Miss. I'm not filling butlers' places and I'm off the crooked. I'd like something kind of in my line; something with penmanship in it—but nothing crooked."

"But this is in your line, Mr. Merlow. It has something to do with writing. And it's perfectly 'straight,' tho that is all I can tell you about it, for it's a secret. Have you ever heard of the Delnam Motor Oil Co.?"

"Sure, I remember it."

"Well, I'm Charles Delnam's daughter. My name is Opal Delnam. My father, as you may know, is very wealthy; so, you see I have no reason to be—'crooked'."

Tinny surveyed the girl completely and keenly.

"Well—shoot. What's your game," he asked.

II.

"I AM giving a costume ball at my home," she began, "this evening. I want you to come as one of the guests. You'll know me by my white Pierrette costume, short and full-skirted, with peak hat and white pom-poms all over, you know. When you arrive, I'll take you into one of the little rooms off the ballroom .where, for the copying of a name and the writing of five or ten words—here! I have two bills of a hundred-dollar denomination each. For the writing of a few words and the copying of a name, you will receive there eight other bills of like denomination that, with these two, make a thousand dollars. A thousand dollars for it! And it isn't 'crooked'!"

"Just a minute, lady! You are having a big dance tonight and you want me to come and do a little—service which isn't crooked and for which you will give me a thousand dollars. Say—there's generally a bunch of what you call 'detectives' at those balls. They might know my phi—my face and that would spoil your game."

Opal smiled and tendered him the two bills.

"You are to be masked," she explained. "And so I think it would be rather clever for us to drive together to a costumer's where I'll buy and bring out to you a costume and mask. Dress at whatever room you locate today and come in a taxicab and give the name 'Derkvan Plane' and you shall find no difficulty in gaining entrance."

"But why didn't you bring the handwriting I am to copy with you today?"

He turned his eyes upon her so strongly questioningly that Opal saw nothing but the limitless blue of their irises.

"I haven't it as yet," she answered. "A certain person returns from out of town today and she will find waiting for her my informal letter-invitation which she will accept or decline by special delivery. It is the writing and signature on this special delivery letter to come that I wish copied."

Tinny Merlow sprang into the rear seat of the car and they were off down a series of highways in the next instant, loitering only long enough at the end of the drive for her to purchase him a Pierrot costume, and to write out the name he was to adopt and her own name and address on a leaf from a notebook and hand to him.

"Learn your name," she enjoined him, "and remember your costume and mask. And—eight more bills like the two you have!"

III.

DETECTIVE CORSFIELD GRANT arose from his chair and paced the rug before his fireplace of crackling logs before which a great Irish setter blinked, perking up his ears solemnly. "I believe," he said, beating slow time with a pencil-baton to his words, "I believe that no other than Opal Delnam is the thief. Gad! If I could only get a whack at it! Spinko, old pal"—he suddenly addressed the setter—"what would we do if we only had a chance at that little ten thousand item! Only a chance! Now if we

were those favorite goats of society, Tomson and Dickson of the police force, for instance! Wouldn't we vamp that reward? Alas! The Van Derfs and the Huttons and Mrs. Senneck and all the clan are indeed on the safe side as far as their donations toward this reward are concerned. For what did they go and do, Spinko? They addressed themselves to Tomson and Dickson. They said, 'Here, Tomson! Here, Dickson! We have made up among ourselves a purse of ten thousand dollars as a prize to any one or two who brings a focus on this Raffles in our circles.' And Tomson and Dickson box themselves up in dress-suits and with great alacrity register present at every function thenceforward. Have they found the Raffles? Foolish question! What a pity it would be for them to find the culprit before that delightful social season closes!

"And still it is a puzzling situation, Spinko. Why—here, at each of a long series of social functions, some item of great price has disappeared. Then this had happened both inside and outside of each home where an affair was to take place, and to lock all means of exit as soon as a theft was discovered; and the theft was discovered, in two or three cases, within a minute after it had been perpetrated. Each time, each guest has been searched—for the assemblage, instead of being incensed at the thought of such a procedure, have solicited it. Yet not a thing has turned up in the searches.

"Tonight, Millionaire Standish plays at being Snow King at the Delnam's mask. The poor fellow knows nothing of the thefts, since he has just returned from a year's sojourn in Egypt. A rare setting for the Standish gems!

"But do you know, Spinko—I believe that that little Opal Delnam must be 'It'? There are fifteen persons who have been present so far at each function. I have studied—and eliminated—fourteen of the fifteen from more or less pleasant points of vantage. Miss Delnam is the only one whom I have not studied. Moot question, Spinko!"

Detective Corsfield Grant seated himself and reviewed the urgent head of the animal nosing at his knee: reviewed it with quick, earnest, and at times piercing black eyes which never, however, quite lost their kindliness.

IN THE heart of the hilarious, light-flooded, veiledly glittering, swinging, swaying Delnam home, a very serious young woman watched with fervor every fresh arrival of guests. Already the Sphinx was dallying with the Centaur, but the anxiously awaited one seemed not to arrive. An alarm clock locked for the initial dance with a great, white-winged cherub. A walking dictionary steered a violet-bud toward a settee while a very queer bird and a queerer beetle seemed to have made up their age-old animosity. An immense fountain pen, like a ghost, with eyes gleaming thru the holes in the cap came and bowed to Opal.

"How straight a line, now, could one of your uselessness draw?" queried the hostess, en falsetto.

"Like unto the plumb-line, pert Pierrette!"

"Try it, then, on a B-line toward the balcony, yon, which overhangs the farthest end of this hall, and I shall reward you with my hand in dance—later. There's a dear!"

Pierrette, almost hopeless by this time of her yeggman's coming, slipped over to the butler who had announced the bizarre names of the guests as they had arrived. She went to him in an attempt to make sure that he had turned no Pierrot or Derkvan Plane away. But even as she was asking, that tumbling personage after all hailed into sight around the bend of the staircase and entered, a tall eider-downed and white silk combination of jacket, pom-poms, pantaloons and fool's cap, be-toed, be-wristed and be-chested with powder-puffs.

"Monsieur Pierrot!" bleated the butler.

Pierrette grasped the arm of the newcomer.

"What is your name?" she whispered.

"Derkvan Plane."

"Keep your mask well on. Two detectives here might know you. And come into this writing-room. People must not get used to your costume here for you must leave my home as soon as you have finished the writing."

They entered a snug room that contained a spinet writing-desk, a lamp, a chair and writing materials. They drew the portiere. Peirrot seated himself uneasily. Pierrette stood near, examined the portiere, then fumbled at her corsage and drew therefrom a lavender correspondence card bearing a short message and the signature "Thele Senneck."

"Thele Senneck will be the most admired, bejeweled woman at the mask tonight," she explained, bitterly. "Practice this name on paper first: it is the most important; it is the one you are to sign after the sentence. You shall have the eight hundred I promised you, that with the two hundred I gave you this morning make a thousand dollars."

"A thousand is generous," said Pierrot at length, throwing down the pen and stretching his arms. "Now what is the little sum you want me to write in?"

Opal flushed under her black and white checkered, silk mask. "A little sum?" she echoed. "How can you say such a thing!—It's no sum at all, if you please. It's a little package of letters that will do more real good than you have ever done evil. It's a bundle of notes that will keep my—. Did you notice that Sphinx mask when you passed thru? That is Thele Senneck. Under the mask of that sphinx lies a pair of the deepest-set, darkling eyes that ever drove men to madness. And there is some one reeling about like a great, white moth before her. It is my father." She gazed into space for a long, anguish-filled instance. Suddenly she bit her lower lip for a moment of indecision. Then:

"Forget what I am about to tell you as soon as you have heard it, will you please? Year before last then, before my mother died, father had an indiscreet affair and wrote indiscreet letters to Thele. It is an old, horrible story from which my father awoke with a start when my mother died. It is a skeleton in father's closet which Thele insists upon rattling to her own ends. She has these letters in a certain drawer

"With a Swift, Animal-like Stroke She Bared His Face."

at her home, whose location I know. She has a crippled secretary or housekeeper who always seems to keep to the house. Thele was in a hospital last fall, you see, and father visited her once in a while, but he would always urge me to go along with him. Upon one of these occasions, she was in great mental anguish. 'You seem to be the most self-uninterested person I know,' she said to me, 'and I feel such confidence in you.' I told her that if there was anything I could do for her, I should be glad to do it."

"You got the hunch that she needed something, I suppose," said Pierrot.

"Yes, I felt she wanted something desperately and I felt sorry for her just because of it. I returned after father and I left, and she described a certain desk-drawer in her dressing-room at her home and asked me to get from it a small box. She enjoined me, however, by no means to let Mrs. Boles see it."

"Probably dope," Pierrot put in. "That's the only thing she would hide from a confidential housekeeper. Didn't the old lady follow you around the house when you got there?"

"No, Thele gave me a short note to her telling her to let me use Thele's bedroom for a few minutes."

"I should think Mrs. Boles would have been suspicious."

"Of course she was suspicious. She went within and got some papers of Thele's and compared the two handwritings with scrutiny before she would even let me into the house. Of course when Thele returned from the hospital, Mrs. Boles found it was alright. That is why I must have a clever imitation."

"And you got her dope for this Thele?"

"Yes—but in the drawer were letters—in my father's hand. I read them; how I've regretted not having taken them! I cannot tell you what they contained, but thru them, she holds my father in her power. Thru their leverage my father is to marry Thele Senneck, a woman he does not love, tomorrow morning. That is why I found it necessary to have the letters this evening."

She handed him a blank card, tinted with a delicate violet.

"And this is what I want you to write." She gave him a slip of paper upon which she had written: "Dear Mrs. Boles: I told Opal she might use my bedroom for a few minutes to adjust her costume. Thele Senneck."

The forgery was finished after a space of time, and the two specimens of writing, so far as an ordinary eye could judge, were identical. Opal received the forged message and involuntarily pressed it to her breast.

V.

"NOW, young lady, as long as I have forged a name on the strength of there being nothing crooked in the deal, I am not going to lay myself liable to another invitation to visit the state. I shall go along to this Mrs. Boles' house with you to make certain that you take nothing but the letters you speak of. Merely self-preservation. Nothing more. Do not be alarmed."

At this statement, Pierrette's figure appreciably relaxed.

"I shall be glad to escort you to the house and back," he continued, "if this suggestion does you no violence."

Pierrette considered gravely for quite a moment, finally demonstrating her decision by springing lightly to the portiere, peeking out, pushing them aside and motioning Pierrette to come.

As they passed thru the door, apparently unobserved by other guests, she whispered to the butler that "Mr. Plane and I are going to meet an out-of-town arrival," and they descended the stairs.

"You had better put on a coat and hat, Miss Delnam," remarked her escort on their way down, "and, as you are going into this woman's house you had better remove your mask. I'll be getting my own coat and hat meanwhile."

They rejoined each other after the suggestion had been acted upon. As they passed thru the outer door, a heavily built man condensed from the shadows and placed himself in front of them.

"This is Mr. Plane, Mr. Cornell. We are taking a taxi to meet one of my guests at the depot."

"How do you do, Mr. Plane! Everything all right so far, Miss Delnam?"

"So far, yes. We'll be returning within the hour."

They wound their way thru the grounds uneventfully except for a low, belligerent growl which, for a moment, startled them into attention. Pierrette clutched at her cape while Pierrot crossed the turf to ascertain the origin of the sound. Among some bushes close to the building he found a small, black terrier of most violent temper. It would not be scared away but snapped and snarled and bit into the air, holding its ground, so that Pierrot left it, as a poor investment of time and secrecy, and rejoined Pierrette to undertake their unusual journey.

VI.

THE street on which Thele Senneck lived, kept a twenty-four-hour day; deserted as far as pedestrians were concerned, it was a World of Lights: a Universe of Disks, receding and approaching; points, splashes and twinkles creeping around curves until they suddenly popped into bigness—the bigness that draws into it ones soul—and were gone.

One pair of these disks of light that popped into bigness, remained big, however, and a becaped, becapped figure crossed the width of sidewalk between the lights and the gates of a small, stucco house, and was gone. And it was only after many long minutes that the figure recrossed the sidewalk and reentered the taxicab.

Once within—

"This is the packet as I found it, Mr. Tinny Merlow. And if you can see in the darkness of this vehicle, undo the packet and look over the letters first yourself."

Pierrot drew the shades, switched on the inside light and took the packet.

One by one, he shuffled out the letters to her, each sheathed in its envelope decked with the grayed ink-traceries of Thele Senneck's name. After he had peered at and dealt the last one out, there yet remained in his hand a small oblong of thin paper which escaped Pierrette's notice. He peered at it furtively but keenly, closed his hand over it skilfully, waited until Pierrette had looked over the letters and turned out the light. He then snapped up the shades.

"Oh—oh!" he cried, as the last one furled. "Have you a handkerchief, Miss Delnam?"

"Dear me—I'm so sorry. Did you hurt yourself on that shade? Here—I'll bind your hand with my handkerchief. Where's the switch for this light?"

"Never mind, Miss Delnam. Here's a drug store open." He halted the taxi. "I'll get a dash of antiseptic on it. Some one must have broken a piece out of the windowpane and I gashed my hand on its edge."

He plunged out of the cab and into the drug store with Miss Delnam's handkerchief close to the palm of his hand. He must have had a strange antiseptic in mind, however, for he bought a bottle of black ink and a telephone slug, went into the telephone booth, uncorked the bottle and poked the handkerchief down into the fluid.

Withdrawing the handkerchief immediately and allowing some of the ink to spill upon his coat, he came out of the booth, pleaded "accident" to the sympathetic clerk and used the latter's radiator to dry the square of linen upon. Completely dehumidated, it was crumpled and pushed up into his sleeve.

Pierrot then joined Pierrette.

VII.

"YOU really must not come into the house again," urged Opal, endeavoring to keep her forger back. The young man had a perilous streak of daring and adventure.

"You don't understand, Miss Delnam. What if a studded lorgnette should be missed! A conscript of the guests would be taken. They would find Derkvan Plane missing. They would find that you, also, had been missing and that you alone were seen with him. I am afraid it will not do. No, I must go back into the hall and you must go back there also. I promise you that, after tonight, I shall never trouble you again."

Opal Delnam's eyes were suddenly seized by the eyes of this strange guest. She peered into the two apertures in the

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THE SNOWBIRD

By Hapsburg Liebe

He Drove His Fork In for the Third Forkful; There Was a Distinct Howl.

The story of a mysterious highwayman who operated in the lake region of Florida, and of a tramp's strange sacrifice for a woman who had treated him kindly. This is by a popular writer in the Ledger, many of whose Southern stories you have read.

He Threw Himself Into an Apparently Lifeless Heap in the Road.

From a Coat Pocket He Took Two Big Handfuls of Money and Put It on the Table.

THE man behind the blue bandanna mask was young; his eyes and his voice and his quick and easy movements were indisputable proof of it. Even his clothing was a disguise. He wore a broad-rimmed black hat, a black coat, a khaki shirt and a black string tie, dark-gray trousers, and rather fine boots with high heels. He was tall, and broad enough. Like a cat he walked across the vinehung veranda and to a window, and peered in. A northeaster had been blowing, and the February night was cold as cold nights go in Florida; old John Pattison sat alone before a small wood fire in the living-room. The masked man smiled, went to the front door and tried it, found it unlocked and tiptoed in.

Perhaps Pattison felt the other's presence. He certainly did not hear the other's footfalls. He looked slowly around, then sprang to his feet, his hands up.

"My friend," he said steadily, "you don't know what you're about. This is an orphans' home, and my wife and I are its keepers; we both love children, and we never had any of our own. You couldn't bring yourself to rob an institution like this!"

He of the bandanna mask went to the table that stood between them. From a coat pocket he took two big handfuls of money, much of it in banknotes of larger than ordinary denomination. He put it on the table.

"I reckon I do know what I'm about," he said in a low, rich drawl. "This is fo' the kids. You'll mark it up as comin' from a anonymous friend. I sho' don't believe you'd steal any of it fo' yo'self; but if you did, I'd come back from the dead to square accounts with you, and don't fo'git that."

John Pattison laughed suddenly, and there was no mirth in it.

"Lee Randle!" he muttered. "I've heard you talk before, Lee, and I've got a corking good memory."

If Randle was disappointed, he made no sign of it. Wise old Pattison went on, his voice low and not without regret:

"So it's you that is this automobile robber! Well, I can understand that easily. You went to New York with a lot of money last year, meaning to set the old town afire—paint it a bright red and border it with billious yellow, so to speak—and they fleeced you to the bone. As a result, you hate New York. So you're holding up these Snowbirds, New York winter tourists, to get even! It's very good of you, Lee, to use the money for charity, but robbery is wrong, just the same. It's entirely out of date, Lee—that kind, anyway."

Randle said nothing, tho his fine brown eyes had begun to burn above the bandanna mask. Old Pattison continued:

"It's not as tho you had to do it. You've got a fine grove and a good home on it, and cattle in the woods, and it all pays you enough to live on like a prince. And there's your mother, all you've got just as you're all she's got; they'll catch you sooner or later, as sure as you're knee-high to a snipe, and it'll be the everlasting end of her. Lee, you take the advice of an old man who has seen a lot of life, and cut this backwoods stuff out. Won't you?"

The masked man moved toward the door.

"You cain't take oath it's Lee Randle," he drawled comfortably over his shoulder. "You think it is, but you sho' cain't swear it, and you might remember that. Use the money as I told you to use it, and don't talk none in yo' sleep."

He waved a good night and was gone like a spirit.

This orphange was in the outskirts of central Florida's biggest inland town, in the fresh water lakes region. Lee Randle took off his bandanna mask and pocketed it, thought of what John Pattison had said and forced himself to laugh softly, set his booted feet in a moonlit brick road and followed it until he came to the shore of a lake. He walked the low, dim shore a hundred yards, and drew up at a motorboat that he had hidden there in the sawgrass not long before. Soon he was flying thru the water at a dizzy rate—he had built the little vessel's hull for speed; its motor had been taken from a forty horse power automobile that had been wrecked; there were two weedless propellers geared high, instead of one.

The county was a network of ragged but beautiful lakes with rivers connecting, and the swift gray boat was to Lee Randle what many a Western outlaw's swift horse has been to him. The underwater exhaust made not much noise, and that which it made was deceptive as to both distance and direction.

Across the length of that moonlit and palm-lined body of water; thru a short river so crooked that he had to use his searchlight in order to pick out his course; across another palm-lined and moonlit lake and into a sawgrass-edged neck—went Lee Randle. He ran the boat into the tall grass and up beside the body of a fallen cypress tree, and made it fast by means of lock and chain. Then he stepped to the log and walked ashore with the bearing of one who is satisfied with all that lies behind him.

A short way up, and he was entering the outer reach of his own golden orange grove. Two hundred yards more, and he was passing a big circle of spire-shaped, deep-green camphor trees, border to the old family burying-ground. The gloomy creaking of the spectral windmill near the barn caused him to shudder involutarily three minutes later. He stopped under a lone cabbage-palm, held his watch out to the moonlight, and peered at the dial. The night was yet young; his mother would not be alarmed at his absence.

Randle hurried into the barn, took off his disguising clothing, and put on blue serge, a soft white shirt, soft shoes, and an old Panama hat. As he started for the house, there came to his ears the faint sound of a smothered cough.

He searched as well as he could without a light, decided that he had been mistaken about the cough, and went on to the house. His mother sat reading their weekly newspaper in the living-room.

"Any news, mother?"

She was a very little old woman, and gentleness and kindliness sat supreme on her lined countenance. Her son felt a passing pang of guilt as he remembered the thing he had been doing. He knew well enough that she would lift her hands in horror at the bare idea of his being a highwayman.

"Why, yes," and she smiled. "It seems that there's been a road robber who takes toll o' them New York automobile tourists, in our county. Five rob'ries in all, I see. In a car that was robbed last night, there was a young woman who saved her necklace and di'mond ring by stickin' 'em down in her shoe, the paper says. Have you found a man to he'p you in yo' grove, Lee?"

"No," and Lee shook his head. "I reckon they made enough money in the rush o' the pickin' season to live on fo' a few months! I—I understand that fellow don't take nothin' but money, and don't rob wimmenfolks at all. I'm sleepy, mother; I'm flyin' up to roost. Good night!"

He kissed her, went upstairs and to bed.

At sunrise on the next morning, Randle hastened to the barn to feed his pet saddler and the work mules. Mrs Randle was already with her flock of white Leghorn chickens. They greeted each other cheerily, and within two more minutes Lee was throwing Natal-grass hay down from the mow.

As he drove his fork in for the third forkful, there was a distinct howl—the hay rose, and out of it appeared a dirty, ragged male individual of about Lee Randle's own age; plainly, a tramp——

"Ow! W'at you think you're doin'—stickin' a guy like that? You got me in the bloomin' leg there!" he snapped.

Something, a glitter, that he saw in Randle's eyes stopped him. He glared. His dirty face was twisted in pain.

"A Snowbird," growled Randle. Meaning, of course, a Northerner.

"You got me in the bloomin' leg," repeated the "Snowbird."

Randle bent over the better to see. A streak of red was creeping down one of the torn trousersleg.

"Blamed if I didn't!" said Randle, his voice sympathetic in spite of himself. "But I didn't do it a-purpose, o' course. Come with me to the house, Snowbird, and I'll fix it up fo' you."

He climbed out of the haymow, and the tramp followed. Mrs. Randle, all fluttering with solicitude, went with him. On the back porch they dressed and bound up the wound, which was of a kind that may easily prove either fatal or of no importance whatever, and shortly afterward Lee's mother announced that breakfast was ready. The tramp stood on one foot and washed. Lee thought he still looked ratty. But Mrs. Randle told herself there was something solid in him, somewhere, that his pinched and starved appearance could never quite hide—and she seen twice as much of erring humanity as her son had seen.

"You are a Nawtherner, I reckon?" the little old woman smiled across the breakfast table—and she just happened to notice that her strapping son was frowning.

"Noo Yark," the derelict answered—he pronounced it exactly like that—with pride that was no less than colossal "Greatest old town in the world, believe me. Pass me them biscuits, please'm; thanks. And a fried egg or two; thanks'm. Now, Noo Yark—say, but my leg hurts like it'd been in six railroad smashups."

"We'll take good care o' you," Mrs. Randle assured him, "until such time as yo' leg is plum' well. Our names is Randle. Would you mind if I ask yo' name?"

The ragged guest looked toward Lee. Lee had the characteristic down-South respect for hospitality's sacredness, but to save him he couldn't keep his eyes clear of the shadow of that provincial ill-feeling he nursed in his breast for Yankees in general and New Yorkers in particular. The tramp hazarded a guess at the truth, and he didn't miss it a sea mile.

"Somebody's done him dirt," the tramp said to himself. And aloud, in odd tones; "Snowbird, Miz Randle. My name's Snowbird."

Mrs. Randle laughed very good naturedly. "Well, Snowbird, when yo' hurt gits well, maybe you'd like a job workin' in the grove. Lee ain't been able to find a man. He'd pay you what he'd pay anybody else, I reckon; wouldn't you, Lee?"

"Ye-es," her son drawled. Had she asked him to do it, he would have hacked off a hand.

The Snowbird shrugged. Work? Not he. But the horse under him now promised to be an easy one to ride—three dandy meals each day and a dandy bed at night, with nothing to do but soak in the warm Florida sunshine! He wouldn't run the risk of being thrown, not yet.

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SIDESTEPPING RYAN

by Wilson Greer

I HAD very little expectation that afternoon that Tim Waldo would show up at the appointed spot. For "The Flea," so far as I knew, had been on the "wanted" list of the Chicago detective bureau for the past five years. And having successfully wiggled out of the clutches of the law on the Ippstein robbery of five years before, it hardly seemed logical that he would ever again have the temerity to venture into the confines of a city that boasted as many plainclothes men as Chicago. And yet this peculiar letter had stated very definitely: State and Van Buren, southeast corner, 2 p. m.

So I continued to wait for him, even tho the hands of my watch passed in turn 2:15, 2:30, 2:45. And finally, just as I had about given up all hope of his putting in an appearance, a short, check-suited figure wearing a resplendent red necktie and equally resplendent patent leather shoes, as well as a derby hat cocked on one side of its head, detached itself from the hurrying downtown throng across the street and slipped over to where I was standing. For a second he hesitated. Then he said:

"Were you lookin' f'r some one?"

I thrust out my hand. "Is it Tim Waldo? If it is, your letter reached me."

"So you come, Jerry!" he exclaimed, seizing my hand in the clutches of his own slim fingers, and pumping my arm up and down. "Jerry—Dempsey," he repeated in a much lower tone of voice, taking me in from head to foot with a quick glance. "An' my letter reached you, eh, Jerry?" He leaned over a little closer, altho there was no one in hearing distance. "Five long years, pal, since you an' me met on th' porch roof of th' Ippstein bungalow. An' I'll bet you're wonderin', Jerry, why I sent f'r ye?"

"I am that," I replied. "When your letter came into my hands I was some surprised. But I'm here, Tim, after almost five years to a day since we met."

He chuckled. "I'll bet you was surprised And you'll be more surprised——" He stopped suddenly and began looking about him, obviously ill at ease. He surveyed several harmless passers-by with manifest suspicion written on his face. Then he turned to me again. "You an' me can't take no chances gabbin' on the stem in broad daylight, Jerry," he whispered. "Drop in behind me when I beat it, an' I'll give you all the dope later." Loud enough so that the passers-by could hear, he bellowed out: "Sorry, stranger, but I ain't got no match." Then he turned on his heel and started up South State street in the direction of a row of cheap, transient hotels.

I fell in behind him exactly as he had instructed me to do, and after a walk of about two blocks, in which I took pains to keep from thirty to forty feet in his rear, he turned into a dingy passageway over which hung a weather-beaten sign:

EAGLE HOTEL.
ROOMS BY DAY, WEEK, MONTH OR YEAR.

Without turning his head he went up the stairs to the third floor, myself still following. At the end of the long, dark hallway, however, he withdrew a key from his pocket and unlocked a creaking door which he held open. I passed in without a word. With a long-drawn-out sigh, an audible sigh of relief, he locked the door behind us and hung his derby hat over the knob so that the keyhole was quite obscured.

"Now, Jerry," he said, "we can talk all we please. I'm so busy in this burg sidesteppin' a guy named Ryan that I'm getting nervous as a cat."

"Ryan?" I ventured. "And who's Ryan?"

"Which goes to show, Jerry," declared Tim, grinning, "that you're a Noo York crook instead of a Chicago crook, or you'd be wise to who Ryan was. But I'll tell you all about it."

The room we were in was one that was typical of the usual cheap hotels that abound in every big city near the main depot. It was furnished only with a badly cracked, white-enameled bed, a rickety wooden table, and a pair of straight chairs, altho in one corner, contrasting violently with the dilapidated furnishings, stood a leather suitcase that radiated the very atmosphere of brand-newness.

Tim first dragged the table well away from the wall. Then he drew up the two chairs and dropped into one of them. I took up the other and waited to hear what he had to say.

"I 'spose, Jerry," he began in a low voice, "that you're still wonderin' why I sent f'r you clear to Noo York, eh?"

"I sure am. The only explanation I can forge is that you've rounded up a big job that needs a pair of clever men." I waited a moment. "Did I hit it right?"

"You did, Jerry. But it's no small-change job." He looked uneasily about him for a few seconds. Then he leaned over close to me and whispered: "Forty thousand dollars—an' all waitin' to be carted off!"

I let slip a long, ruminative whistle.

"Yes," he went on in a low voice, "the biggest an' easiest job that two crooks ever yet tackled. An' that's what brung Timmy Waldo—th' Flea—into the danger lines of Chi"—a shadow crossed his face—"an' of this guy Ryan." Apparently thinking, he paused for a long while, unconsciously chewing on his upper lip.

"Well, Tim, I'm waiting to hear all about it. And you might tell me, too, where you've been keeping yourself these five years. And how you ever happened to think of 26½ Mott street in little old N'Yawk, when you needed a man."

HE DREW out two cheroots, and, lighting one, tossed the other over to me.

"Now look here, Jerry," he began, "me an' you—the Flea an' the notorious Jerry Dempsey—met under pecooliar conditions, to say the least, especially since the last I seen of you you had a black strip over your peepers, same as me. It ain't happened, f'r instance, Jerry, that you've gone an' joined the Salvation Army since then, have you? In other words, you ain't changed none?"

"Not on your life, Tim," I said reassuringly. "On this one point you can be absolutely sure: I haven't altered by an eyelash or an idea since we met on the Ippstein job—five years ago. Does that answer your question?"

"It does—an' it's O. K. So now, Jerry, to eloocidate that pecooliar letter of mine an' to tell you somethin' about myself durin' them last five years.

"O' course you remembers how you an' me gets acquainted with each other—on the porch of th' Ippstein bungalow out on Grand boulevard. Both of us, it seems, was tryin' to hook our respective claws on Lena Ippstein's weddin' necklace. An', as chance would have it, we has to select the same identical moment to meet on the roof of that porch."

I smiled at the remembrance of that unusual night.

"I confess, Jerry, that when I first seen your figger loomin' up over th edge of th' roof, I thought sure you was a bull. An' let me tell you this, pal, I come mighty near pokin' you a stiff one in th' jaw and drivin' you to the ground, f'teen feet below. But when you turns your head in th' moonlight an' I sees you got a black strip across your peepers, I knows there's nothin' left to do but shake hands on th' job and pull it off together.

"You gets next to me crouchin' there, an' whispers in my ear to take the lookout while you does th' inside work. F'r a minute Jerry, I was a little suspicious of you, but seein' what you done for me a week later when I was locked up in th' county jail, I didn't have no right to be thinkin' that way. Howsomever—to get back to the story—you steps in Lena Ippstein's boodwar to get your fingers on them weddin' sparklers that the papers had been spoutin' about.

"In five minutes, Jerry, you comes out, holdin' up that little gold wristlet with the row of stones in it. But, just as I'm about to ask you if that was all they was in the jool box, h—l itself broke loose! King! A bullet sizzes past my nut and splinters the window back of me into a million pieces. On top o' that, we hears the whistle of a harness bull, an' sees th' bright reflections on the lawn when th' lights go on all over the house. An' so, Jerry, we has to jump for it, you from one end of that there porch roof an' me from the other. But me—cuss my luck!—has to go straight into the hands of that same harness bull what done the shootin' an' what has now run in off the street.

"But when I jumps, Jerry, I don't forget to take with me that short steel jimmy that I fetched along. An' no sooner does this harness bull close in on me that I brings that jimmy down on his bean with a whang—an' lays him flat on th' sod. But then, as I'm stumblin' to my feet again to follow you, who's almost to the street by this time, about forty million hands an' arms tightens around me. Two minutes later old Ippstein an' his two sons has me trussed up for th' wagon.

"So I lays in the county jail, Jerry, f'r a long time. They tells me that this harness bull—Ryan was his name—is lingerin' between life and death, with his scalp open, concussion of th' brain, an' fractured skull. An' the gran' jury refuses to indict me f'r the Ippstein job until this Ryan lives or dies. But if he croaks, Jerry, it's to be murder. Oh, Lor', I tell you I was beginnin' to be scared. Night after night I sees myself swingin' for it if that guy passes out.

"But about that time I gets the pecooliar letter addressed to Tim Waldo, County Jail, Chicago.

"I'd often been wonderin', Jerry, what become of you after you disappeared in th' darkness of Grand boulevard that

(Continued on Page 21.)

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Continued From Page 7.)

few drops of vanilla extract and a tablespoonful or two of rich cream. This should spread as moderately cool butter would.

For the filling, shred and cook up a pineapple or use a can of Hawaiian pineapple. Thicken with cornstarch. When perfectly cool, spread thickly between the layers. For top and sides, mix up some of the uncooked icing with a bit of the pineapple filling, spreading as evenly as possible.

People who place themselves on record as liking sweets will adore this cake, I can promise.

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?

Editor's Note: Have you a peculiar problem of the heart that is vexing you? Are you puzzled as to the rule to follow in some social event in which you are to participate? Do you wish specialized information on any subject? Do you wish to consult some one upon any phase of painting, sculpture, music, the stage, or writing? Do you want to ask a question concerning beauty culture?

If so, you are invited to put your question to Victoria Grey. The chief condition of publication in the column which will appear on Page 2 is that it shall be of general interest—one that all of us may read with profit to our understanding. Only your initials will be published in our columns, or, if you prefer, your pseudonym as it appears at the bottom of your letter.

Victoria Grey, born and reared on a farm, has been in turn a successful portrait and landscape painter, a successful actress—starring on Broadway, and a successful musician. In the many short-stories and widely published novels which have flowed from her pen she has constructed literally thousands of heart problems and other kinds, too, and solved them all for her readers.

If you are beset with any kind of a problem just send it in to Victoria Grey, care of the Ledger, and if of general interest you will find it answered in Victoria Grey's new department, to appear soon on Page 2.

The Ledger Pattern Service, showing the latest modes for outdoor and indoor dress for women, and how to get them by mail at your home, will be found this week at the top of Page 16.

Beacon Lights of Business

ALONG perilous coasts, lighthouses throw their guiding rays far into the night to warn the mariners and help them safely past the shoals.

Business, too, has its beacons. They are the *advertisements*, which throw a powerful light to guide you in your buying. They show you what to buy, where to buy and when to buy.

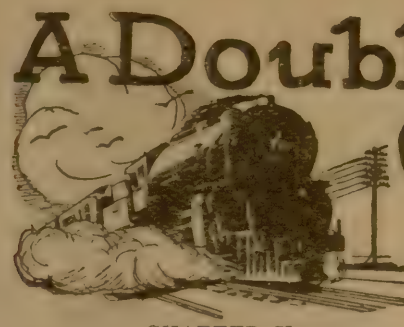
Spend a few minutes running through the advertisements in this publication. Then buy the products that have proved up in the light of advertising.

Manufacturers who advertise deliberately focus thousands of eyes on their products. Their wares must be *good*, their values *honest* and their prices right or they could not advertise successfully.

In the advertisements you see products that have made good under the critical inspection of buyers. These products are *full value* products. They return you dollar for dollar. Buy them.

Let the beacon of advertising guide you as it is guiding so many astute buyers.

Then you can know that every cent you spend buys its full quota of value.



A Double-headed Conspiracy

by Horace Howard Herr

CHAPTER X.

IT WAS not the possibility of Buraleen being alone in a great city that excited me; if that predicament had developed it was up to the great city to protect itself. My eagerness to get in touch with the young woman grew out of what Pat would designate an ulterior motive, which is altogether different from an interior motive as every one knows.

When Pat informed me that Buraleen was in town for several days and would, in due season if not sooner, register at our domicile, I could think of no reason why I should take a white and red lantern and go out in the night to try to flag her. Besides, any one who makes a round trip on the Eversdale division of the In & Out, is entitled to tie up for eight hours rest and whatever faults I may have no one can honestly say that I ever failed to improve an opportunity to refrain from vigorous exercise.

I joined the family circle in the living-room glad to deposit my ornamental presence in an easy chair of Pullman design and quite willing to be the audience for any small chatter which might develop. As a rule, especially when Hardin J. and Pat are present, our little family circle is as quiet as an engine whistle with a newly-promoted hoghead on the end of whistle cord. We are a loquacious—I have heard Pat use the word in the presence of our most particular guests—family and when we foregather for an evening in the living-room, conversational trains are so numerous that it is almost impossible to get thru the evening without sideswiping some one, to say nothing of occasional coming into collision head-on.

It was, therefore, an unusual experience—as unusual as an entire absence of racket in a telegraph office—to shove in on the family circle and find no one working conversational steam. Mac was sitting on one side of the lamp stand pretending to read the evening paper. Hardin J. was sitting on the other side of the lamp stand watching smoke rings soar ceilingward; Pat, having reoccupied her particular corner of the long settle, was lightly fingering a heavy book on how to run the universe; Kate was bending over her sewing as if she were the sole support of a large and growing family.

Being constitutionally opposed to permitting the golden moments to slip by without being improved with edifying conversation, I shattered the silence. How completely I shattered it was evident in very short order.

"Well, Mac," I began careless like, "did you toss any more Continental stock in the watebasket today?"

Kate looked up at me and shook her head, but her stop signal came too late.

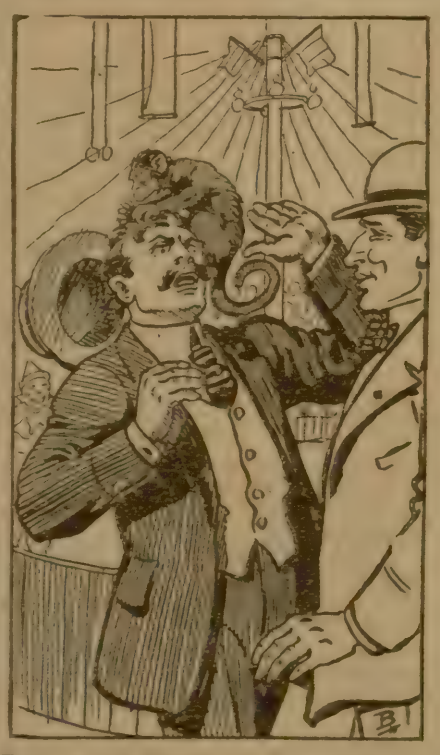
"Might just as well of!" Mac snorted.

"What an awkward expression, father!" Pat exclaimed. "You should say——"

Mac tossed the paper aside, looked hard at Pat and asked:

"What do you know about railroading?"

"Yes, Patricia," I shoved in, it being understood, of course, that the name is



True to Its Nature, It Was Trying to See If the Hairy Jungle on Mac's Head Was Inhabited.

Pat when Kate isn't present, "if you owned stock in a railroad like as not you'd have no more sense than to hold on to it."

Mac turned his weatherbeaten face in my direction and it was only the presence of the ladies which prevented him from giving me a whole-soul cussing. He sputtered like an engine with its drivers slipping.

"That stock certificate was stolen, and you know it," he exclaimed. "It was on my desk when——"

"Do you remember the morning you hunted the house over for your conductor's badge and found it on your hat?" Kate interrupted. "I'll not be surprised if, eventually, you discover that stock just where you put it. At any rate, why worry about it?"

"I'm not worrying about it," I hastened to assure her. "I believe I can get a job switching in the Winslow yards any day I want to lie a little about my age. I don't show my age as much as men who put in most of their time on an upholstered office chair in the midst of a green velvet rug."

"Switching in the Winslow yard!" Mac exclaimed in a tone which suggested sarcasm if it wasn't the real article. "You couldn't switch baby buggies in a nursery——"

"Oh, I don't know!" I interrupted. "You should be the last man to talk about switching baby buggies. Have you forgotten the day we took Pat and Hardin J. to the animal show?"

Everybody, including myself and excluding Mac, laughed because it was an old story for us. I never invested twenty-five dollars to better advantage in my life than the twenty-five I got rid of that afternoon. Mac and I were on freight in those days, Mac being the captain of the crew doing all the heavy work like drawing down a conductor's pay and signing the waybills while I was in the rear shack with nothing to do but hunt hot boxes, put in brasses and drag the log chain every time we broke in two. Over on the head end we had Shorty Thompson fighting the cinders and the bums. We caught a circus train into Winslow one afternoon and as an expression of appreciation for our exceptional services, one of the circus bosses gave us a cluster of pasteboards to the show.

They had a trained orang-outang; the billboards called it an "arboreal anthropoid," that was as near human as anything I ever saw around a railroad, present company included. Being constitutionally opposed to wasting free show tickets Mac took Pat in the baby cab. I took Hardin J. by the hand, and Shorty Thompson rounded up Stubbin's three kids and having rubbed the soil off of their faces back as far as the ears, we did the circus with the zoo boss doing the honors as guide. Somehow when we got thru the animal tent and into the real show tent, when we started up to the reserve seats and it was up to Mac to take Pat in his arms and up to me to fold up the baby buggy and take it in my arms, when Mac bent down to pick up the kid she had turned a reddish hue and had hair all over her face.

Mac let out a yell and grabbed up his precious chee-i-ld.

"Get a doctor, quick!" he ordered, just from habit, it seemed, leaving the leg work for me. "She's swallowed my pocket knife."

And about that time he realized that he was hugging a monkey and that everybody on that side of the tent was yelling their heads off because the arboreal anthropoid, true to its nature, was trying to see if the hairy jungle on Mac's head was inhabited.

Mac wasn't exactly peevish, not exactly. He was, to use a word which Pat, at that age, wouldn't think of using as often as she does now, profanely fulmine which, translated into good railroad English, means d—n mad—so mad in fact that he dropped the monkey on the ground and demanded of me—as if I knew anything about it when he had been taking care of Pat—where Patricia was.

If little Hardin J. hadn't insisted on carrying the monkey it would have been up to me to put it back in the baby cab and wheel it on the return trip to the animal tent where we found the zoo boss

Who's Who in the Railroad Drama

HARDIN M'KEARNEY, General Manager of the Continental Line's Western divisions, and stockholder as well; expert railroad man who began his career as fireman on freight trains, when his big dinner paid frequently contained nothing more substantial than stale air.

KATE M'KEARNEY, the General Manager's wife, who as a healthy, jovial girl had been the life and mascot of a certain popular railroad restaurant; cashier she was, but never too proud to hand a humble railroad lad a slab o' pie and a smile.

PATRICIA M'KEARNEY, just graduated from a young ladies' seminary; full of big and noble ideas; anxious to "democratize our democracy" and to aid the Midnight Missions in "rescuing the perishing;" a good girl who always meant well.

HARDIN JACKSON M'KEARNEY, just out of college, whose mind ran principally to golf, bulldogs and cigarettes, but willing to master the railroad game **from the top down;** believed he could start as master bridge builder, if the governor would say the word; but the governor wouldn't say it.

JACKSON REILLY, assistant to the General Manager; was rear brakeman when Mac, Sr., fired the big freight hogs; knew and admired Kate in the old, grimy days; made his home with the happy pair after their marriage; when children arrived became the "fetch and carry," the Newfoundland dog of the family; in fact, he's the droll, humorous chap who relates the whole amusing story.

BURALEEN BISHOFF, a former seminary girl of veiled family connections; much too pink and flimsy to win Jackson's approval; Patricia's guest in the McKearney home, but not entirely welcome, apparently, to her parents, because of her marked attentions to Hardin J., the son; scant dresser at the dinner table; "liable to fall out of her clothes most any time," according to the loquacious Jackson.

SPEEDY BARBER, ranchman and deputy sheriff much feared by cattle rustlers; a dead shot, let the foe be mountain lion or two-legged prowler; he didn't believe in wasting ammunition; friend of Jackson's and Mac's.

BILLY BARBER, Speedy's son; chip of the old block; at the age of 10, proud owner of the ill-fated Arizona burro. "Let Jackson tell about that partic'lar burro." That's what Billy, now a broad-shouldered, regular he-man, would say.

This story began in No. 13, the Ledger for April 1. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

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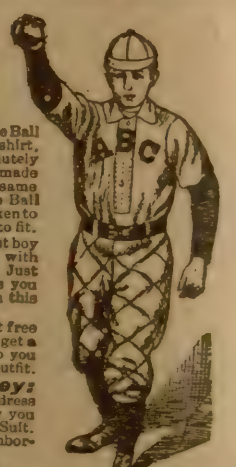

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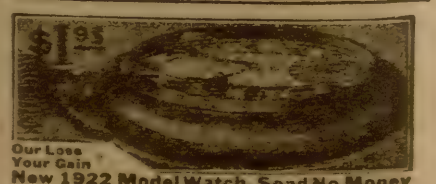

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holding—Pat on the back of a two-humped camel.

"Oh, father!" Pat exclaimed between snickers, "it didn't really happen? I'll never believe——"

"It just did happen," Hardin J. broke in. "I remember carrying that monkey and how bally proud I was."

"And you came home so excited about it," Kate volunteered laughing, "that it took you more than a month to tell me all about it."

"And they still tell me about it when I go West," Mac grunted, there being a faint resemblance to a chuckle behind the grunt.

"Heaven only knows what would have become of you children if it hadn't been for me!" I sighed.

"And now you are going to find out how grateful Hardin J. is for all you have done," Mac said and no one could miss the irony in his tone.

A NONCOMMITTAL "yes" was the only thing I could say, but immediately I knew which way the wind was blowing and needed but one guess on the business that was before the family circle when I intruded.

"I have been telling them," Hardin J. explained as if it would prove news to

"An' Mac Fell for That!"

me, "that I have agreed to accept a position with the Bishoff interest on the Frisco Valley cut off."

"Now, can you beat that?" Mac snorted. "That's the Brainbridge crowd and they're fighting me from the engine to the caboose and here my own son goes out and throws in with them!"

"If you don't find that stock certificate before the stockholders' meeting it may be just as well to have one member of the family standing in with the other side of the house," I said.

"But he'll be so far away, Jackson," Kate pleaded.

"Before you went to Ash Fork to switch out food in the eating house, where were you living?" I asked, thereby reminding her of the fact that she traveled all the way from a Kansas farm to an Arizona eating house, alone, and just because there was no one near to look out for her, ended up by marrying the present general manager of the Continental system.

"Why throw in with the Brainbridge crowd?" Mac growled. "Anybody but them!"

"A fellow has to do the best he can for himself. Remember the time——"

Mac interrupted me. It was quite evident that he didn't want to be reminded without knowing in advance what particular incident was to be paraded.

"I offered him a job on the Continental."

"Your offer was decidedly lacking in details," Hardin J. protested.

"But what can you do? How can I place you until I know your qualifications?"

"I had no trouble in convincing Mr. Bishoff that I was qualified to take field charge of the bridge work," Hardin J. said, and if he was just a bit chesty far be it from me to blame him.

"Field charge of the bridge work!" Mac exclaimed. "The bridge work on the Frisco Valley cut off? Great balls of red fire, that whole road will have to be hung in the air! He didn't hire you to have field charge of that work! No, he hired you to have a pipe line into the Continental system's general office."

"If he did," Hardin J. said with some heat, "he is paying a fair salary for a service which he knows will not be rendered. He understands I am a civil engineer, not a gumshoe detective."

"But what can you do?" Mac repeated the question as if it were the A and Z of his thinking.

"You offered me no opportunity to convince you that I could do anything," Hardin J. replied, and I felt rather proud of the way he said it. "If you had been less precipitate in your judgment I might have been able to convince you as I did Mr. Bishoff. But you insisted on being shown and now I'm going to show you. When the job's done on the Frisco Valley cut-off you can go out and look it over."

"When do you go West?" Pat asked, her tone and manner being quite subdued, a most extraordinary circumstance for Pat.

"I'm due on the job the first of the month."

"Only three weeks away!" Kate exclaimed regretfully.

Mac hoisted himself from his chair and as he walked toward the door leading to the hall which led back to the kitchen, remarked:

"Plenty of time in which to change your mind. . . . Did you check over on any of that apple pie, Kate?"

That was a most unfortunate remark because it reminded me that I had had no dinner—it being understood that when Pat isn't present it is supper.

Mac and I raided the pantry, Kate warning us against such depredations as would be likely to be an excuse for the cook to quit her job or ask for more money and by the time I had put away a double portion of apple pie, two slices of bread and butter wrapped in a thick layer of orange marmalade, two tanks of black coffee and a piece of cold ham, I felt as if I was ready for my little bed.

Evidently Mac didn't think so because he shoved into my boudoir just as I discovered that I had on my pajamas wrong side out. If I exercised a little care they would be right side out when I peeled them off in the morning and I didn't propose to lose any sleep just because a few buttons were inside next to my skin.

"You must be in a hurry to hit the hay," Mac remarked as he eased his way across the room to the stand where we kept the pipes and the natural leaf twist.

"Seeing as how we may be sleeping on a water tank stringer or a caboose floor before many moons, I'm going to make the most of my present opportunities," I replied as I crawled under the covers.

"There was one nice thing about those days when we were bunking on the caboose," Mac mused as he rammed home a charge of tobacco in the bowl of a cob pipe which, I suspect, he selected on account of the generous dimensions of its storage capacity. "A fellow could go to sleep knowing that nothing much could happen to him except the switch engine."

"You don't mean to intimate that you are worried?" I asked, knowing that was a foolish question because, in all my experience with Mac, I never knew of him being worried except when we got tied up and couldn't make the meal stations on time. "Suppose you do lose control of the Continental and get kicked out of your office with its brass cuspidors and steam heat; it just means that they'll pay you for deadheading. You'll have nothing to do but draw your dividends and keep track of the profits from the copper mine. I wish they would kick you out! Maybe you'd be willing to go back West and build a private switch shanty some place where we could have a box of sawdust in the center of the room for target practice, and a caboose stove, and a desk to put our feet on, and everything homelike and sensible. If you're worrying about the Continental, why I'm just the creature that hopes they bump you and——"

"Thought you said you were sleepy," Mac interrupted. "Please don't think you have to entertain me! I came up here to have a quiet smoke."

He placed a sarcastic emphasis on "quiet" and blew the smoke from that perfectly good tobacco in my direction.

"In that case I might just as well get up and join you because my smore might make you nervous." I crawled out of bed, slipped my feet in my slippers, filled my favorite briar, and as I settled in a chair and tilted it back against the wall I gave him a signal to go ahead with whatever heavy business he wanted to unload.

"What do you think of the boy's stunt?" he asked.

"Thanks for the compliment, Mac. So seldom does any one suggest that I might have the gray matter essential to thought, I don't know just how to express my appreciation——"

"What's wrong with you, tonight?" Mac interrupted testily. "You must have swallowed a phonograph record; been chattering like a female station agent ever since you got in the door. I know you've got a brain, but it always goes on a vacation when there's any real work for it to do. Suppose'n that boy goes to work for the 'Frisco Valley and falls down?"

"I don't know of anybody except myself who never fell down and I've slipped once or twice. The bigger they are the harder they fall."

"But I know something about the 'Frisco Valley country; there's about seventy-five miles of country where it will be just one bridge after another. Why, they've got to get across Johnson's canyon! Do you suppose Bishoff's really offered to place that kid in charge of the bridge job on that pike?"

"I'll take Hardin J.'s word for it."

"Of course, the boy believes he has the job or he wouldn't say he has it. But, maybe, he didn't understand——"

"I've never seen anything in bad order about his understanding, Mac," I interrupted. "Did you ever hear of The National Engineering Review?"

"Might just as well ask me if I ever heard of a timecard or a switch list!"

"It's some authority, isn't it?"

"Guess the Bible is about the only publication that is more authoritative and it's in another field."

"It wouldn't hurt you none, Mac, to read more in both of them and learn a little something about men in general

(Continued on Page 23.)

PREACHER DISCOVERS REMEDY FOR BRONCHITIS.

After coughing for more than thirty years, Rev. J. J. Richards, 8 East Broad Street, Suite 1112, Columbus, Ohio, has perfected a treatment for chronic bronchitis. He is so grateful for his own recovery and so anxious to help other sufferers that he offers to explain this simple treatment free to anyone who writes him. Rev. Richards states that it goes right to the root of the trouble, quickly overcoming constant coughing and difficult breathing. It is both soothing and healing. If you, a friend, or relative suffer, write him today.—Adv.

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Thousands of spectacle-wearers from Maine to California have quit using the old-style small-eye egg-shaped glasses and are now wearing the latest-style extra-large round-eye **sight-improving** spectacles—which have practically taken the country by storm—and I am going to send you a pair of these up-to-date glasses complete in a very neat and handsome 10 karat gold-filled spectacle frame, to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

You Can Wear These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, *Sight-Improving* Spectacles for Far or Near, for Reading or Looking Away Off in the Distance

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or To the Movies If You So Desire

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Seeing Is Believing

Now I realize that it may be hard for you to believe that these latest-style, **sight-improving** spectacles will again bring back to you the absolutely perfect sight of your younger days. But you know the old saying "Seeing is believing" and I positively will not accept one single solitary penny from you until you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more sight-improving to your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, **sight-improving** spectacles, by mail, all charges prepaid to try fully 10 days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

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How old are you? Ans..... *How many years have you worn glasses (if any)?* Ans.....

Name .....

County..... *Post Office*.....

Rural Route..... *Box No*..... *State*.....

Street and No. (if any) .....

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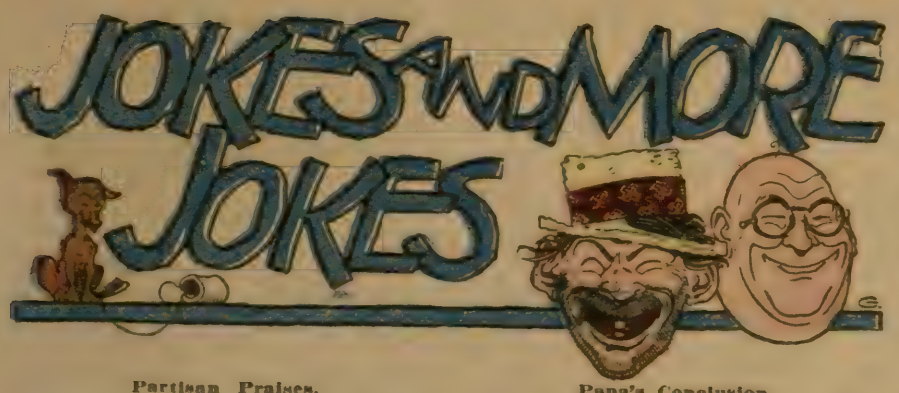


Partisan Praises.

"Who, in your opinion, is the noblest character in history?"

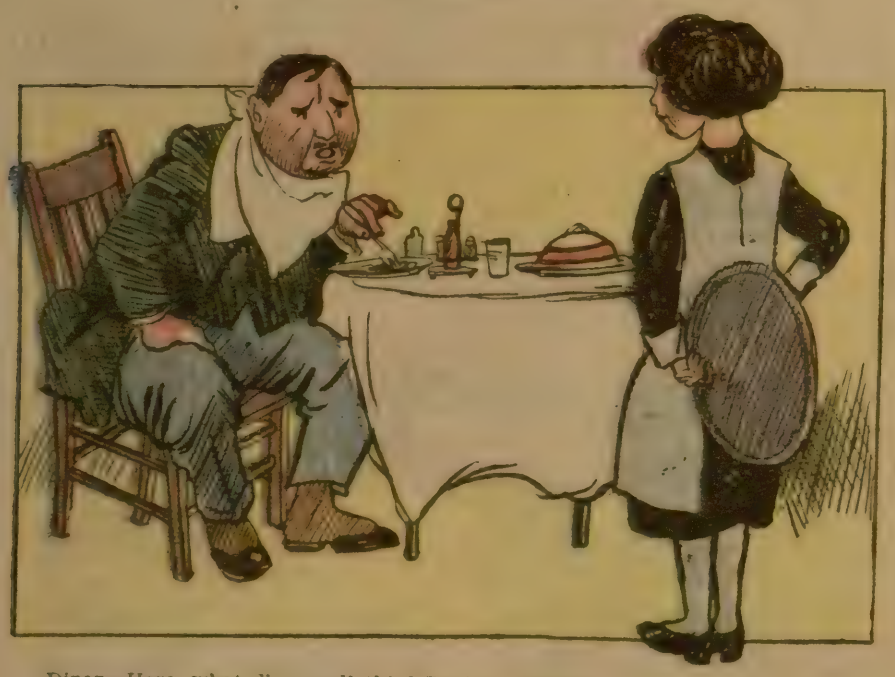
"It'll be time enough to decide that," said Senator Sorghum, "when I'm ready to take the stump. We haven't even made the nominations as yet."

Papa's Conclusion.

Reginald (to prospective father-in-law)—Youth daughtah has promised to marry me and eh—ah—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family?

Old Papa (looking him over)—There must be!

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE



Diner—Here, what d'you call this? Beef or mutton?
Waitress—Carn't yer tell the difference?
Diner—No!
Waitress—Then why worry about it?

SHORT CIRCUIT

BILL was watching mother comb her hair after she had had a shampoo, and, being dry, her hair stood out when she drew the comb thru it.

"Muvver," asked Billy, "what makes your hair pop up and stand out like that?"

"Oh, that's the electricity," mother answered.

The next day Billy was watching the same procedure once more, but it did not "pop" and "stand out" as it did the day before, so the youngster questioned further: "Muvver," he asked, "what's the matter with your battery today?"

His Profit.

Two farmers in Honolulu met.

"Sold your pig, did you?" said one. "What did you get for it?"

"Fourteen dollars."

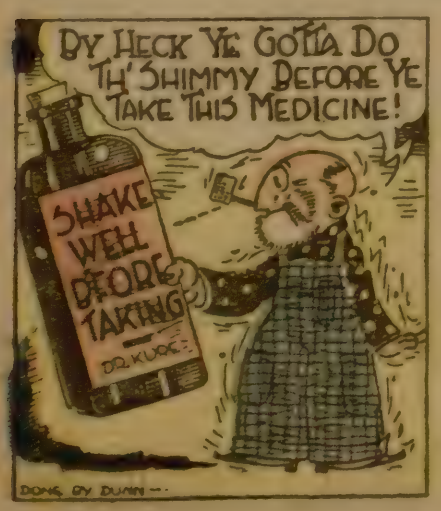
"What did it cost you to raise it?"

"Paid $3 for the shoat, $5 for pen and about $6 more for feed."

"Didn't make much, did ye?"

"No, but I had the use of the pig all summer."

SOLID IVORY



Foxy Old Boy.

"And you are 95 years old!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful! You look so well, so strong, so young. How have you managed to do it?"

"My method is very simple," the venerable gentleman replied. "I have never let any of my friends know it if I didn't happen to be feeling well, consequently I've never had to take any of the things they would have recommended if they had known I was ailing."

Politeness.

The colored man jumped around in the road trying to head off a runaway cow.

"Stop her! Stop her!" yelled the owner.

"I'se tryin' to, boss!" replied the colored man, waving his arms.

"Speak to her!" yelled the owner.

"Good mawin', cow; good mawnin'," said the negro, politely.

Art Note.

"Please help a starving artist!" moaned the man at the door.

"Do you call yourself a man?" asked Dives, for it was he.

"No, sir," responded the artist. "I am only an outline; I need filling in."

And so it came to pass that Dives made a full man of him.

Naughty Pussy.

"Betty, I am ashamed of you," mother scolded, "why are you whipping your poor pussy like that?"

"Coth he'th a naughty, naughty kitty, mother," lisped tiny Betty, "he thpith on hith feet and then wipeth them on hith fathe."

Be Natural.

The following letter is sent out by a certain firm to customers whose accounts are overdue:

"Man is dust. Dust settles. Be a man."

Conclusive.

Reginald—Will you take back the engagement ring I bought here yesterday?

Jeweler—Didn't it suit, sir?

"I don't know. I didn't."

One Thing He Knew.

The immigrant had to fill up the usual form. The first question was "born"? Unhesitatingly he wrote down: "Yes."

HIGHER IS LOWER

A MINISTER on a visit to America asked for a Pullman berth, and was told that there was a difference of 50 cents between an upper and a lower berth.

The attendant pointed out: "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. Most people don't like the upper, altho it is lower, on account of being higher. When you occupy an upper berth you have to get up to go to bed and get down to get up."

A Wonderful Acrobat.

"You see that stout old chap in the corner?" asked Jones.

"Yes. What about him?" replied Smith.

"He's a wonderful acrobat."

"Go on! He looks like a stock broker."

"So he is."

"But I thought you said he was an acrobat."

"He's both. I asked him yesterday whether he was busy, and he said: 'My boy, I just hang on from day to day, keeping my nose above water by the skin of my teeth.'"

Loyal to Dad.

Little John was sent alone to the barber shop for a hair cut.

The barber, in his joking way, inquired what kind of a hair cut he wished and then pointed to the man in the chair. "Do you want one like this man is getting?"

"No, sir," the little fellow returned, after he had looked at the man. "If you have to cut it like somebody's, just cut it like my dad's, with a little hole in the middle."

Plain Speaking Desired.

"You will write a book about us when you return to your country?"

"Of course," said the eminent lawyer. "My heart is filled with gratitude."

"Don't let the fact that you may have cleaned up $100,000 impair your judgment. What we want is honest criticism."

THIS EARTHLY STAGE.

All the world's a stage
Stardom all the rage.
Hear the leaders whoop.
But I know my gauge,
I'm a supe.

Nothing Coming In.

Agent—But, mum, it's a shame to let your husband's life insurance lapse.

Lady (over the wash tub)—I'll not pay another cent. I've paid regular for eight years an' I've had no luck yet.

Claiming the Credit.

Visitor—I suppose it was evil companions that brought you here.

Inmate—Evil companions? No'm. I'm a self-made man.

Musical Innovation.

"How's your boy Josh getting along with his music?"

"Fine," replied Farmer Corntossel. "He's full of ideas. He has introduced a pistol among the instruments in our town jazz orchestra, tho I ain't sure it's fur an art effect or self-defense."

Constitutional Amendment.

"What is an amendment to the constitution?"

"A wooden leg, I'd say."

An Essay on Frogs.

The Board of Education has caused a classic essay to be immortalized in type. It's about frogs and was written by a young Norwegian. The essay: "What a wonderful bird the frog are! When he stand he sit, almost. When he hop he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly, either. When he sit he sit on what he ain't got, almost."

Concise.

Poet—I seek a phrase that shall express the joy of life in two words. Can you suggest anything?

Unfeeling Friend—Received payment.

QUICK WIT

ON THEIR return home from a dinner party, Mrs. Smith turned to her husband with a look of curiosity on her face.

"John, dear," she asked, "whatever made you tell the Thompsons that you married me for my voice, when you know I can't sing a note?"

John was a tactful man as a rule, but this time he tripped.

"Well, darling," he replied soothingly, "I had to give some reason, and that was the only one I could think of at the moment."

A New One.

"That's a wonderful office boy you've got."

"Yeah; he's a daisy. Doesn't smoke, cuss, shoot craps or run away to ball games. A perfect boy."

"I gotcha. What's his fault, then?"

"Well, he has only one fault. He won't work."

Objection Overruled.

"Huh! Women in politics!" snorted the old-timer. "Makes me sore. I don't believe in petticoat rule."

"Calm yourself. We don't wear 'em any more," replied the modern woman sweetly.

TIT FOR TAT

QUICK wit is a pleasant gift. A witness was being examined in an assault case. "Did you see this man assaulted?" asked counsel. "No, but I heard him cry for help," was the answer. "That is not satisfactory evidence," said counsel. As he left the witness box the witness laughed loudly. The judge rebuked him, and reminded him that he was showing contempt of court. "What?" said the witness in surprise. "Did you see me laugh while I had my back to you?" "No, but I heard you," said the judge. "That is not satisfactory evidence," answered the witness.

Statesmen and Hats.

"Why don't you get yourself a new silk hat?"

"I would," replied Senator Sorghum, "if I could find one built on previous lines. A new silk hat makes a man look like a society favorite. If you want to look like a statesman your hat must have the shape worn years ago."

The Heir

(Continued From Page 4)

proposed Richard's tour of investigation. Well, that was it—Mr. Travis was "deep."

The next day, at 1 o'clock, he found his future benefactor waiting for him in front of the boarding-house.

"Now, Mr. Travis," Richard said crisply, "as you truly said last night, I don't know you. But I have thought over your proposition from a good many angles, and I have decided to go to that place you spoke of and make my investigations. I can't eat with you today—I have other things to do—to get leave of absence, for one."

"You'll never want to go back to the grind of the freight office," remarked the old man. "There's no advancement for you there. If you worked yourself to death—of which, I am told, there is no danger—some cousin or nephew or something of the high chief would always be climbing over your head. Come along and have a square meal."

"No, thank you. I prefer to have all my dealings with you after my visit to your home town."

"Which simply proves," the old man said quietly, "that you are the conscientious and worthy fellow that I took you for. You must admit, however, that the expense of the trip should be on me."

"Yes, I think that fair."

Mr. Travis immediately dived into his overcoat pocket and produced his astonishing fistful of banknotes. "There you are!"

"I only want enough to cover my expenses. Look here, Mr. Travis, you oughtn't to be flourishing that much money about in Chicago!"

"I was hoping you'd relieve me of it," the old man sighed. "Well, the breeze from the lake is pretty stiff, so we'll not linger. The railroad expenses will be something like forty dollars, hotel board in the village is three dollars a day, since the war."

"I'll be there only a couple of days; and even at that I'm afraid I'll lose my job."

"I hope so. I'm offering you a job for life."

He selected a fifty-dollar bill from his roll. "Don't thank me for this; I am paying it to prove my standing in the world."

"I won't," Richard smiled, taking it. "Well—see you later."

III.

RICHARD INVESTIGATES.

IT WAS morning when Richard Overstreet reached the small village of Indianapolis, Mo. He at once set about making inquiries relating to Mr. Jud Travis.

In a place of that size, where every one knows everything about everybody else, he had no difficulty in his quest, tho he found it annoying to have to explain himself. The village was as much interested in him as he was in the old man with the flowing white whiskers. He protected himself from devouring curiosity as much as he could, behind the assertion that he was seeking a job at the old man's house, and that he had been invited to come on and look about. His name, he said, was Travis.

This meant that Richard had definitely decided to change his name from Overstreet, provided he found all things to his satisfaction.

He learned that Mr. Jud Travis owned a farm of about four hundred acres five miles from town; that this farm, at the period immediately following the war, could have been sold for a hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre, but recently prices had come down enormously. Like all the other farmers in the county, Mr. Travis had lost heavily in cattle and corn. He had been obliged to mortgage his farm; should all his debts be paid, he would still be worth about forty thousand dollars.

By putting his questions skilfully, Richard thus found the old man's statements regarding his finances confirmed, without exciting undue surprise.

Mr. Travis, known to the countryside as "Jud," had lived there many years; had never married; lived alone and did his own cooking; had not long since dismissed his tenant family, or rather had lost it over the matter of reducing wages; was a respected member of the community, with no shadow of mystery resting upon his career of nearly seventy years.

In the evening, Richard walked to the farm. It was found without difficulty, the rambling wooden building, painted a dark brown, dominating the landscape from the summit of a hill of woods and pasture land. No one lived within a mile of the place, except an obscure fisherman, whose hut overlooked a branch of Grand River.

He sat down on the stileblock, built adjoining the yard gate, and in the solitude, broken only by the cooing of doves and the quick, harsh calls of crows, set his mind fixedly upon what he meant to do. He felt it necessary to reconcile his future prospects with his self-respect, and this he was able to do by accepting and maintaining a certain point of view, that of a benefactor rather than that of one receiving something for nothing.

As a matter of fact, he would be doing Jud Travis an incalculable favor by insuring him against his unworthy kindred. He could not doubt that he himself was worthy. Hadn't Mr. Travis discovered that for himself? It was something that Richard had always known. Life never been a thousandth part as kind to him as he deserved. Well, destiny was balancing up the account.

After a while the utter loneliness of the house and yard and road fell upon him like an oppression. He jumped up and began an examination of the premises, simply to throw off this silent influence. No doubt it was because he had always lived in cities that he could not feel at home on the farm. It was not until he was back in the village that he felt quite himself. Nevertheless, his mind was made up to accept the situation.

When he went back to Chicago he found the farmer on the doorsteps, as if he had remained there since their last meeting.

"All right," Richard said breezily, "Barkis stands before you!"

"You mean Travis," the old man corrected.

"I was referring to the character who was 'willing.' That's me."

"Then you are Travis," persisted the other, who did not seem to understand this allusion to Victorian literature. As he continued to stand, staring intently at the other, he wore an aspect of impenetrable solemnity. Richard laughed out suddenly, then checked himself.

Jud Travis evidently took for granted that the trip to Indianapolis had proved satisfactory; he asked nothing about the answers Richard had received in the village.

"If you're ready to put this thing thru," said the old man, "we needn't waste any more time here. I want to get back to the farm just as soon as the legal steps can be taken that will rid you of that other name, and make you my authorized, my nearest heir. You are, of course, now ready to take this sum of five thousand dollars——"

And his hand dived into his pocket.

"I don't want to be carrying a sum of that size around with me everywhere I go," Richard protested. "And look here: while it's true that this is a business arrangement between us, it's something more than that. You have found me worthy to inherit your property because you feel that I'll make good use of it; if I didn't feel the same way about it, I shouldn't consent. I know I can do good with it, and from what you say of your kinfolks, they wouldn't. I want to favor you. I'm moved by sentiment as much as by interest. And when I go to your farm I shan't be willing to loaf around doing nothing. You'll find me a good investment. I've always worked for my daily bread, and I expect to work for it as your heir. I'm not getting something for nothing. As for that money, you can put it in the bank here to my credit. I have already an account of about twenty-three dollars which I'll draw out and put at another bank under my new name; you can put that with it so I can drawn on it, and if our relations should terminate at any time, the balance will be turned back to you."

These remarks brought no change of expression to the old man's face, so effectually hidden behind his beard and mustache. His attitude was perfectly wooden. "All right," he said mechanically, "all right, all right, all right." It was as if he had been listening.

After a disconcerting pause, Richard, who had been holding his grip all this time, suggested that he take it up to his room and return for the other's convenience.

"By the way," the old man said with sudden animation, "did you tell those village gossips that I'm to adopt you?"

"No, I said I was coming to work for you. It seemed to me——"

"And to me, also. Very good. Did you give your name as Overstreet?"

"No, I thought it best to begin as

Has This Ever Happened to You?

THE music has ceased. Your partner has left you standing in the center of the floor. Your friends are at the other end of the room. Would you walk directly to them? Would you saunter slowly through the room until you reach them? Would you take the seat nearest where you are standing until the music begins again? Which is correct?

Or perhaps you are the young man. What is the correct thing for you to do when the music ceases? Should you escort the young lady back to her friends, and leave her? Should you merely escort her to the nearest seat? Should you remain with her until the music for the next dance begins?

Many embarrassing blunders can be made in the ballroom. Many humiliating errors can be made at the dinner table, on the street, at the theatre. It is only by knowing exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions that one can hope to be always well-poised and at ease.

Etiquette at the Dance

The ballroom should always be a center of culture and grace. To commit a breach of etiquette at the dance is to condemn yourself as a hopeless vulgarian. But alas! how many blunders are made by people who really believe that they are following the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law! What blunders do you make in the ballroom?

These questions may help you discover them.

Does etiquette allow a woman to ask for a dance? May she refuse to dance without reason? What is the proper thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance? What is a polite and courteous way of refusing a dance? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it correct to wander away from the ballroom with a fiance?

According to etiquette's laws is it necessary for a gentleman to dispose of his partner to someone else before he asks another lady for a dance? How shall he ask a lady to dance; which are the correct forms and which the incorrect? How shall he dispose of the lady after the dance if he must return to the lady he has escorted? What is the right dancing position for the gentleman? For the lady? What style of dress is correct to wear at a dance?

There is perhaps no better place to display the culture and fineness of your breeding than the ballroom, resplendent with the gay gowns of women and enchanting with the ease and gracefulness of dancing couples. Here the gallantry of true gentlemen and the grace and delicacy of cultured women assert themselves. Here you can distinguish yourself either as a person of culture of a person of boorishness.

What Do You Know About Introductions?

To establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make the conversation flow smoothly and pleasantly, to create an agreeable, harmonious atmosphere—that is the purpose of the **introduction.** A correct courteous, conversation-making introduction is an art in itself, and reflects refinement and culture on the person who is the medium.

How do YOU introduce two people? Do your introductions create a pleasant, easy atmosphere, or one that is uncomfortably strained?

Try this simple test and see what you really know about the art of introduction:

Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith have met at your home for the first time. Would you say, **Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Smith,** or **Miss Smith, meet Mrs. Brown?** Would you say, **Miss Smith, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Brown?**

If Mr. Blank happened to drop in for a little chat, how would you present him to the ladies; to both at once, or to each one individually? And how would you present Bobby, who comes running in from school: **Bobby, this is Mr. Blank,** or, **Mr. Blank, this is Bobby,** or would you use, the **I want you to meet** method? Do you ever say **I take pleasure in introducing?** Is it right or wrong?

How do you present a girl friend to your mother? A boy friend? How do you introduce a sweetheart to your relatives for the first time? How do you introduce her, or him, to your friends?

On the other hand, if you are being introduced how do you acknowledge it? Do you use any of these expressions: **"Pleased to know you," "Delighted," "How do you do?"** Does a gentleman rise upon being introduced to a lady? Does the lady rise? Is it correct for the lady and gentleman to shake hands?

The difference between the right and wrong thing in introducing is the difference between culture and coarseness.

The man who would be polished, impressive, and the woman who covets the wonderful gift of charm must cultivate the art of introduction.

When Wedding Bells Ring—

etiquette again comes to the fore. What is the right dress for the bride to wear? How shall the invitation be worded? When shall the groom give his farewell bachelor dinner? How shall congratulations be extended? And after the wedding there are cards of thanks and cards of invitation to be sent. The wedding breakfast must be arranged and perhaps a honeymoon trip must be planned. Suffice to say that the bride and bridegroom will find invaluable aid in the "Book of Etiquette."

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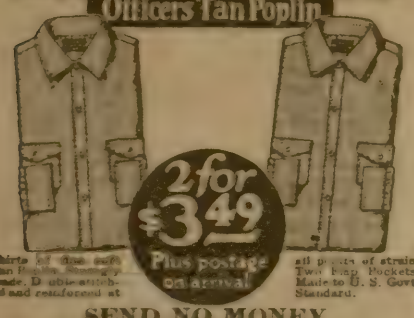

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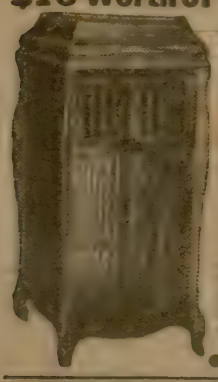

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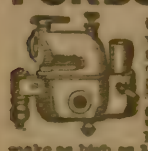

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'Travis,' as I am to continue as 'Travis.'"

"And you thought clearly and wisely. Very good. There is no reason on earth why those fools should know anything about our arrangements."

"I suppose, however, that your nieces and nephews and cousins and all the rest of the connections will have to know, won't they?"

"For your sake," responded the old man with a certain grimness which even the bushy beard could not hide, "let us hope not." And his little blue eyes darted a glance at the young man that caused him confusedly to ask himself, "What is this I'm getting into?"

IV.

LEFT ALONE ON THE JOB.

WHEN all the details were perfected, Richard—now Richard Travis—returned to Indianapolis, Mo., this time in the company of old Jud Travis.

"You've got your man, I see," said a loafer at the station while the other loungers stared with all their eyes. Both Jud Travis and Richard considered themselves addressed, as, indeed, each had his "man," and accordingly each answered, "Yes," which caused some laughter.

It was bitter cold when they reached the farm, but a fire was soon roaring up the chimney in the front room, while a base-burner in the sitting-room was worming its way toward a state of combustion.

At the end of two or three days, they settled down to routine life. A man who lived in a cabin on the nearby river, came every morning to feed the few stock that had not been sold, and to milk the cow. The farmer talked about plans for the spring, when a tenant family would be required, if he could raise the money, to carry on the farming. That was doubtful. Money was no longer to be made on the farm, he said, and he did not want to lose what he had. He cooked the meals, which they ate in unbroken silence, and, for the most part, secluded himself in the front room, leaving Richard in possession of the base-burner. Sometimes it occurred to the young man that the other did not feel quite at ease in his presence. Possibly that was from a lifetime of living alone. Richard tried to cheer up the owner of the house with jests, spontaneous laughter and accounts of his varied experiences. It could not be done. Mr. Jud Travis was either melancholy or stupid.

On the fourth day of their living together, as Travis and Travis, the elder remarked at the early breakfast, "I'm going away to be gone a week, possibly ten days. You'll look after things while I'm gone."

Richard had been finding the time rather dull, but the prospect of remaining there absolutely alone made him suddenly see his former dullness in a favorable light.

"As you don't know how to cook," the old man continued, "you'd better stay at the village hotel till I come back, and leave the man to do what has to be done. Of course," he added, in what struck the listener as a peculiar tone, "you can stay out here, if you prefer to do so."

"It seems to me," Richard expostulated, "that you are hardly treating me with the confidence necessary to an arrangement of our kind. Of course, I could go to the village—or back to Chicago, as far as that is concerned. But as this thing is for life—I suppose it is for life—I might as well get used to the thing as it is. So you'll find me right here when you get back. But I should like to know if these sudden trips of yours are to be frequent."

"No," said Jud Travis. "No, they are not. Not at all. Not at all. As you say, this thing is to be for life; yes, for life. Life is a very uncertain thing. Particularly when one is nearly 70 years old. Seventy years old. Very uncertain. Yes, yes, stay here if you like. You might arrange with the fisherman's wife to let you have your meals—it would be only a short walk to the river. Or you can try your own hand at cooking, if it would amuse you. I want you to be amused while I'm away. But upon my word, I think it would be best for you to put up at the hotel in the village. Best for you. Yes."

"I think it's best to begin as I expect to go on," Richard said obstinately. "I feel that this is now my home."

"Just as you please, Travis, just as you please."

It ended in Richard's driving him to the station. The old bay mare took a rather lonesome young man back to the farm, but a very resolute one. "Ten days by myself in the desert," he said to himself; "and with no oasis in sight. However, even that is far better than working at night and getting just enough for it to pay for the bed for the day's sleeping. And then," he meditated, "I am performing a real act of charity for the poor old fellow who dreads his avaricious and despicable relations."

After he had unharnessed, which he did awkwardly enough, he turned out the mare and started toward the house. But it had such a cheerless and inhospitable air that he checked himself, and, tho the day was cold, sat on the stile-block.

"That house doesn't like me," he smiled whimsically. Presently he jumped to his feet. "This will never do—I must take up a regular course of life, or I'll begin imagining things!"

He was brought to a sudden stop by the discovery of a face peering at him thru the bushes of a grove on the other side of the road; the face of a man, he believed, tho it vanished so swiftly, and so little of it had been in sight, that he could not be sure.

Without pausing to reflect that the owner of the land across the way, whoever he might be, had the right to stare thru all the undergrowth on the place, Richard rushed to the spot, taking the intervening fences at flying leaps.

He could not find anybody, tho the tracks of a man's feet—they were large tracks—were imbedded in the mold.

"Must have been some farmhand of our neighbor's, taking a squint at the new citizen," he decided; and, for his peace of mind, resolved to think no more about so trivial an incident.

He had failed to reflect that, in that sparsely settled country, the nearest farmer lived a mile distant.

V.

RICHARD'S MYSTERIOUS VISITORS.

RICHARD arranged with the men who came of mornings to do the necessary chores, for his midday meals; otherwise he amused himself by earnest, but often ill-advised experiments in the

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kitchen. He read several famous classics which he had always felt it his duty to read, but somehow had never fastened himself to, fat, dusty volumes from the village defunct circulating library. Altho he disliked early rising, and altho the fisherman was a silent and gloomy character, Richard was up every morning when he came, and stayed with him till he left, taking an odd comfort in his shabby nearness. During most of the day he saw no one—except for his noon visits to the fisherman's cabin, and for an occasional traveler along the seldom-used highways beyond the meadow.

All this changed, however, after Jud Travis had been gone several days. It was one evening near dusk. Richard was in the front room, standing with his back to the fireplace. He had thrown aside a translation of the "Iliad"—he had possibly reached Homer too late in life to ever make good friends with him—and was staring thru the window across a level stretch of freshly fallen snow. The fireplace was not so comfortable as the base burner in the other room, but he had discovered that it was only from the room now occupied that one could see the approach to the house, and a bit of the road beyond the big gate.

As he stood idly gazing, he descried an automobile making its way along the highway, as if on its way to Indianapolis. But it slowed down at the pasture gate. A man jumped out and opened the gate. The only other occupant of the car, a woman—a young woman—drove thru. The man climbed back into the car.

"They are tourists," Richard concluded, noting the trunks on the running board and the bedding in the tonneau. The curtains were closely fastened on the windward side, but open on the other. "They'll ask to stay all night," he meditated. "Shall I let them? Well, I'll decide that point after I've had a closer view of the young lady."

It was in accordance with his romantic and not very practical nature, that he should think more of the pleasure to be gained from meeting a pretty girl than of danger that might be met in the presence of a powerfully built and ill-tempered man.

When the car stopped at the stile-block, leaving in the snow a winding ribbon as if to furnish a clew to the mystery of whence it came—for its sudden appearance struck Richard as akin to mystery—the man and woman got out.

The girl was pretty, well-formed, not older than twenty-five. Her companion, a giant of a man, and all the bigger for his huge fur coat, was red of face, intensely black of brow, and menacing of lip. His whole attitude was pugnacious.

Richard, much pleased with the young lady's bearing, decided, "I'll let 'em stay. One of 'em can have my room, the other can take Jud's. I'd be willing to sit up all night in the kitchen or anywhere."

In a word, the young lady was charming, tho strangely subdued.

Richard reached the front door before they had made their way across the yard, the girl carefully stepping in the enormous footprints left by her leader.

At the porch steps the man stared at Richard with big glittering eyes, as black as his horseshoe eyebrows, and asked gruffly, "Where's Cousin Judson?"

"Do you mean Mr. Jud Travis?" Richard asked distantly. That claim of "cousin" altered his whole attitude. Whoever the young lady might be, the man was one of those unworthy relations concerning whom he had been repeatedly warned. It suddenly occurred to Richard that, after all, his position as an adopted heir was no sinecure, since it was manifestly his duty to stand between poor old Jud Travis and this bully.

"Good evening," Richard said in his pleasantest manner. "Do you mean Mr. Jud Travis?"

"Where is he?" snapped the tourist. Inclining his huge head, he whispered something to the shrinking girl over whom apparently he exercised complete authority.

"He is away on a business trip that will keep him a week or more." He turned to the girl with a reassuring smile: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Not likely, I should say," sneered the strange man. "Who're you, anyhow?"

"I don't believe," with his polite smile, "that my name can guide you on your way, as you seem quite lost—but it is Travis."

"What! Travis? Well, by Solomon the Wise, but this is exactly the thing—eh, Dollie? This is highly convenient! This is inexpressibly quite all right!"

There was no doubt about his satisfaction—his face had cleared amazingly, tho its expression was far from reassuring. He began to stamp the snow from his boots, blind to his companion's movement away from the porch.

"You're the one we want to see, after all. Eh, Dollie? He is, eh, Dollie? Bless my soul and body too! This is Dollie Travis, my niece. I'm old Pete Travis. Cousin Jud must have told you about me. Give us your fist, old man."

Richard, in a whirl of perplexity, shook hands with them, tho it was plain enough that the niece did not share her uncle's enthusiasm. They must be invited in to the fire. Their hands were cold, and a long way evidently lay before them.

He was about to extend his hospitality when the big man spared him the trouble. "Come along, Dollie," his voice boomed as he led the way to the cheerful fireplace, followed shrinkingly by the girl, and, at wide space, by their perturbed host. "Take off your things," he boisterously bade his niece. "Make yourself at home."

"No," she said in a low voice. "It isn't worth while. As soon as we are warm ——" And she held out her hands to the blaze. "We are deeply indebted to you," she added, looking over her shoulder at Richard with distressed eyes that touched him in spite of his ignorance of her history.

"But you can't stand there with your cloak on all night," snapped Peter Travis. "I've no doubt this young man wants us to stay."

"The fact is, I can't offer you a place. When Mr. Travis left——"

"Ha!" cried the giant, bursting into a hearty laugh, "so that's what you call him, eh? Dollie and I were just wondering if you called him 'Daddy'."

"Uncle Peter," protested Dollie with heightened color, "I have never discussed Mr. Travis with you in any particular."

The big man continued to laugh

"In short," Richard said, finding the laughter grating on his nerves, "there are no extra bedrooms."

"My dear fellow, you are making difficulties. By Solomon the Wise, didn't you see that we have bedding in the auto? Whenever we visit Cousin Judson, we're obliged to fetch our housekeeping arrangements. He wouldn't let us set foot on the place if we didn't come prepared to look out for number one. I'll spread a pallet here by the fireplace, and set up the cot for Dollie in the sitting-room by the old base-burner. That base-burner's sixteen years old and about worn out, same as me—I ain't the man I once was; I look strong, but my strength's all on the surface. It's a poor stove, but Dollie won't complain. An uncomplaining young woman is Doll! (Take a seat, Dollie, you'd much better, for you're tired out, same as me—sit down, yourself, Travis.) Sometimes I say to her, 'Niece, if the men folks hereabouts knew how uncomplaining you are, you'd have been married long ago.' But, la, she isn't but 22, even at that! Well, sir, the quality in a woman that makes for durability of marriage success is uncomplainability; it's a gift, I call it. Dollie's got it. Uncomplainability—more precious than rubies, more to be desired than a million dollars, eh?"

He gave Richard a look so odd that the involuntary host blinked his eyes and turned helplessly toward the pretty niece.

"But Dollie always says, 'Wait till the right man comes along.' And now, by Solomon the Wise, he has come——"

Dollie Travis started up, desperately wrapping her cloak about her. "I shall go to the car if you say another word about—that."

"Maybe you're right, maybe you're right. It's my way always to hurry up things. When a thing is going to be, I feel that the quicker we clear the brush and start the action, the better for all hands; but maybe you're right."

At first, Richard listened in a sort of dream to the big fellow's hints, but nothing escaped him, and when he had heard a good deal more of the same general drift, his mind was made up as to his course of action.

The thoro familiarity they showed of the house, their knowledge of Sampson, the fisherman, who did the mornings' chores, their ready understanding that he was the adopted heir, bore out the claim that such visits as the present were not unusual. Since Jud Travis let them come with their bedding, why should he forbid them? He thought it a happy circumstance that such was not his duty, for he found Dollie very appealing—all the more because she was there unwillingly.

At the same time, there was something so strange about the whole affair that he resolved to set himself the task of unraveling the mystery, the mystery of which Jud Travis had not given him the slightest hint. It was impossible for him not to suspect that Peter Travis had matrimonial designs upon him, designs of which his niece strongly disapproved, but with which, apparently, she was familiar. The girl seemed so different from the man, of a quality so much finer, that it was hard to think of them as uncle and niece.

This difficulty, at any rate, was soon resolved for him, when it developed that Peter had married Dollie's aunt who, at her death, had made him her guardian. It was Peter, not Dollie, who was related to the Travises.

Richard did his utmost to relieve Dollie of the embarrassment natural to her situation. He appeared to understand nothing except that, as their host, it was his duty to show himself cordial.

There was one instance in which he found perfect frankness with the noisy uncle difficult. Something in the immense florid face kept reminding him of the spy whom he had detected, a few days before, watching him from the underbrush across the country road. He could hardly have said what suggested his suspicion—something in the round black eyes, perhaps. He could not have asserted recognition in a court of law, but he found himself often glancing at the big boots. Those footprints were now covered by snow; still, it might be possible to measure them, if anything sinister should happen to make identification important.

VI.

NEW CARDS IN THE DECK.

RICHARD postponed his attempt to penetrate the mystery until he should be alone with the girl, for as long as her uncle was present, her fear or awe of him sealed her lips.

It was she who prepared the supper. The big man did most of the talking at the table, stressing the fact that his niece was expert at all sorts of housekeeping, and that the man who "got" her, by Solomon the Wise, would be lucky. Richard tried not to look at Dollie while her praises were being sounded, for her distress was painted on her face. Yet it was hard not to look at that face which, because of its shyness as much as because of its beauty, had set him to dreaming dreams.

Leaving Dollie to clear away the table—she knew exactly where everything belonged, a knowledge the heir had not yet acquired—the men went back to the fireplace where the Hercules of a Pete Travis kept the talk on the scarcity of money since the war, intimating frankly that with him money was very scarce indeed.

"If I had a million," he exploded, "or if you had a million, eh, Travis?" And he cast a look upon the young man that sought to pierce him thru and thru. But as Richard had no million and did not know where he could find one, the look discovered nothing.

All the same, Richard thought this second reference to a million dollars, accompanied by an odd expression, decidedly queer.

When Dollie came in shrinkingly from work and tried to find an obscure seat behind the uncle, that giant started up boisterously. "I'm going to tramp around the country, and look at the landmarks that were dear to me in my boyhood. Snow? I don't mind it any more than sugar. You and Doll will want a little chat without a third party present, and that's as it should be!" He winked at Richard, darted a glance at the girl that must have conveyed an understood signal of some kind, and pulled his shaggy fur coat up about his ears.

Altho Dollie seemed about to take her uncle's exit as an example to imitate, Richard found the scene as exhilarating as it was peculiar. In his many years of boarding-house existence, he had been cut off from domesticity, and as the dancing flames flashed over the girl's face, and the lamp from the reading-table streamed over her shoulder, he seemed to be plunged into a family atmosphere dear to his lonely heart.

"Don't go," he entreated. "You have

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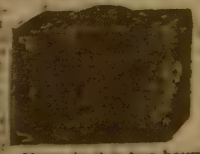

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nothing to fear from me, not even that I shall pay the slightest attention to your uncle-in-law's hints. On the contrary, it is my sincere wish to help you in any way you please, and I'm sure—I have been sure from the moment I saw Mr. Pete Travis—that you are in trouble."

His reassuring voice, his kindly face, above all his determination to befriend her, did much to still her agitation.

"As your uncle-in-law may come back at any moment," Richard went on hurriedly, "don't be offended if I come abruptly to the point. You knew Mr. Jud Travis meant to adopt some one in order to make him the heir. You came here on a visit, not knowing the adoption had been made. When you heard me say my name was Travis, you understood that I was the one. From your uncle-in-law's preposterous manner, I gather that he and Mr. Jud Travis have made up their minds that you and I——"

She nodded, her face reddening.

"When I say it is 'preposterous,' I mean only that it was silly for those two old men to make any plans of the sort concerning your future. But your uncle-in-law is grasping for property. He thinks that if his plan goes thru, the property will come into his clutches."

"My mother trusted him," she faltered.

Rapidly he drew from her all that he required. She lived with Peter Travis in Kansas City, practically a prisoner because he forbade the formation of friendships, and, but for his protection, she was penniless. As her guardian, he had contrived to seize and disperse her inheritance. He claimed that the bulk of it had been lent to Jud Travis, and Jud had consented to marry his heir, when he should adopt one, to Peter's niece! If Jud had really borrowed the money from Peter, he had given no security for it, not even his note. Jud denied the loan. But he liked Dollie better than any other of his connections, probably because she was not a Travis, and he was willing for her to enter into an enjoyment of his property when it should be secured against all the other claimants. As for Peter, he did not doubt he could enrich himself from the spoils, even tho they be in the young heir's hands.

"There is no tie of blood between you and this villain of a Peter Travis," Richard said indignantly. "Your aunt died in ignorance of his grasping nature which has naturally grown worse with age." He checked himself as the character of his benefactor assumed a rather sinister outline. "If you leave his house ——" He smiled ruefully, and added with engaging simplicity, "I was about to say that you should strike out for yourself, make your own way, and be independent. But look at me: I surrendered my indepe..dence for a life of ease and comfort! I'm not the one to preach to you."

"It isn't because it's easier to live with Uncle than to try my luck as a stenographer, or clerk, or teacher," she whispered; "I'm afraid of him. He expects me to bring him riches. When he's crossed, he seems as mild as a dove—never milder when he is about to do something dreadful.

"He would hunt me down, drag me back—not by law, of course, but he cares nothing for the law except to bind other people. He is kindness itself to me unless I oppose him; will go to any trouble to keep me satisfied. But he is so strong and—and unscrupulous!"

Was it odd that these two who had seen so little of each other, should confide thus unreservedly those hopes and fears that hovered over them? But a sense of vague yet real danger was in the air, and their conviction that they would not long be left together was quickly justified.

Soon Peter Travis was heard at the door, stamping off the snow. Loudly he swung into the room and lumbered up the fireplace, bringing with him a great rush of cold air. "Well," he cried boisterously, "how's everything?"

"I don't know what Dollie thinks of me," Richard said boldly, "and I shall not ask so soon after our meeting. But I can tell you, Mr. Peter Travis, that she is the dearest and most appealing girl that has ever come into my life. More than that: the only girl who has appealed to me irresistibly."

Dollie's face darkened, as she raised severe eyes to his face. But Richard managed to convey that he was speaking purely in order to deceive the giant, and the girl, finding, or supposing that she had found herself deceived, blushed vividly. His tones had been so convincing!

"I love her," Richard repeated firmly, and altho his twinkling eyes said to Dollie, "We must placate this Titan, or he'll give us trouble," her blush deepened and her eyes fell.

"Hurrah!" the booming voice ejaculated. "Quick work! Quick work! That's what I call it. But——"

He dropped his voice to a deep rumble and bent far over to bring his thick lips on a level with Dollie's ears, "don't let the gang get wind of it, or it'll set 'em crazy. When the gang runs amuck, somebody gets hurt. I don't want it to be you—or me, either."

Dollie grew pale and shrank back. She faltered, "But they are in Texas, aren't they?"

"I got a tip from Sampson—the fisherman. I trotted over to his shack on the river; remember the place? He gave me the tip—didn't want to give it, but I fished it out of him. The gang is hovering, my children, the gang is hovering!" And his eyes looked immensely round and owlish as he uttered these moving words.

Richard exclaimed, impatiently, "I don't understand. If it's a gang of robbers——"

"Not so loud, partner," shooting his eyes toward the windows that now looked out upon unrelieved darkness. "What do you say to drawing these blinds? You can't ever tell about the Travises. Robbers, you ask? I'll not say no—eh, Dollie? But to be specific, when I say the gang, you're to understand that I refer to the Rogers brothers, the three of them. To be sure they live in Texas, but, by Solomon the Wise! the earth is just a backyard to the Rogers brothers, they are here, there, everywhere. And from what the fisherman let drop, they, at present, are here, or soon will be. Now, that is the family cousin Judson hates worst, because they're closest of kin. Not counting you, they're next in line for the property. They're a degree closer to cousin Judson than I am. Which is a good thing for me. If I was between them and the inheritance, I wouldn't value my life at all—well, let me see, what is the most useless thing you can think of? But no, they're the next heirs—not counting you."

Suddenly he smote his knee and burst into a roaring laugh. "And by Solomon the Wise! there won't be much of you left to count, if the gang gets wind of your adoption!"

Ominous words, indeed, for Richard to brood over. If these Rogers persons are really the bad actors Peter has said they are, there's trouble enough in store for Richard, especially with a nice, friendly girl to protect and no chance of any aid from her big, loud-mouthed uncle, insofar as Richard might need it. The next installment of the story will probably disclose just what sort of characters these Rogers brothers proved themselves to be—regular cut-throats, perhaps. Plenty of excitement in the ensuing chapters. See next week's Ledger.

South Sea Pebbles

(Continued From Page 6)

inside," he said. "Anyway I'm going to avoid another trap."

So instead of following the shelf in the usual way, he dropped down, and began crawling and wriggling along as cautiously as if he was stalking a deer in the woods.

It was fortunate for him that his entrance was made in this manner, for once beyond the screen of misty spray, with the dark interior of the cavern surrounding him, a curious sensation that the place was occupied obsessed him. He was unable at first to define the reason for this suspicion, but years of dangerous adventure in many tight places had taught him to heed what seemed like a sixth sense.

He lay flat on the rocks, listening and peering around. Gradually his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, and they penetrated deeper and deeper into the cavern. There was nothing in sight to confirm his uneasy suspicion, and the hollow echo of the surf precluded his hearing any voices or footsteps.

He was on the point of discrediting his sixth sense when suddenly an odor mingled with the salt of the air reached his nostrils. He sniffed several times before he could identify it.

"It's smoke," he breathed softly.

A moment later he was confirmed in this conclusion. Either a fire had been burning in the cavern recently or somebody was in there now with one. Scar's caution was redoubled. He waited a long time to study out the natural direction smoke would take to escape, and then by a slow process of elimination he located the fire—if there was a fire—at the far right side of the cave.

He chose the left side to enter. Crawling along almost flat on the rocks as before, he made slow progress. He had left the sea behind, but the shelving floor continued, rising now instead of falling. The rocky nature of the floor afforded him plenty of protection, and every few yards he dropped down behind a loose bowlder to listen.

Guided by his alert senses, he made some fifty feet from the mouth of the cavern before his eyes caught anything to confirm his other senses. Rounding a sharp corner, he suddenly came into full view of the cause of the smoke.

A small fire was smoldering in a hollow between rocks, making more smoke than flame; but slight as the latter was it enabled Scar to see in its reflection just what he wanted to know. Kalputa and his remaining followers were grouped around the fire, screening its glow from the sea with their bodies. They were so greedily engaged in devouring fish they had cooked that their ordinary watchfulness was relaxed.

Now we have the little band of refugees reunited for a new stand against the ferocious enemy, all save the wily Chinese cook, who can be of more service, perhaps, right where he is, with his supply of sleep-producing powders, whatever they are. However, Scar may decide to "go it alone," trusting to the clemency of the island princess rather than to the greed and enmity of the treacherous Kalputa. Just what Scar did will come to light early in the next installment of the story, which gets better and better as is progresses. Don't miss next week's Ledger.

* * *

A House of Gray Horror.

IT IS a gray building nestling along the bleak and drear water front of the East River at the foot of Twenty-Ninth street—a building from which emanates shuddering, creeping horror, writes O. O. McIntyre from New York.

Black wagons come and go, leaving their grewsome loads. At night vagrant bats from nearby warehouses beat against the walls. And off in the river the soft swish of a lonely paddle or the sound of a boatsman's night song.

The building is the depository for the city's unidentified dead—the morgue. In the gloomy interior as forbidding as the tomb are rows upon rows of drawers, to each one of which is thumb-tacked a white card bearing an almost illegible scrawl and number.

Perhaps a girl of the cabarets washed up from the ever-flowing waters. The gangster pistoled thru the skull. woman in silks and satins with acid-seared lips and all identification marks removed. The disillusioned from all walks of life. All are there in the numbered drawers.

Into the waiting-room, feebly lighted, come searchers with faces of ghastly pallor—the aristocrat and bourgeoisie. All hoping against hope. Sullen, phlegmatic attendants take them one by one into the hall of death to gaze upon the human flotsam of a great city.

Veteran reporters, inured to the sordid and tragic, never go to the morgue without an inward shudder. But they must go, for the morgue is the first step in unraveling many of New York's murder mysteries. And many times the steps lead to the grilled doors of Fifth avenue's most palatial mansions.

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Come and Get Me

(Concluded From Page 9)

mask before her and found, to her astonishment, that the eyes that glittered from their depths were as black as cut jet. The ex-convict of that morning had had eyes of the blankest blue. With a swift, animal-like stroke, she bared his face—at first it was a strange face, lank and lean, with kindly but piercing orbs of black. It very soon took on a familiar aspect and Opal realized that she saw before her the original of numerous pictures she had seen of a very well-known detective.

"I see you are a little sudden," said Detective Corsfield Grant.

"How—where——" she gasped.

"Most willingly! As to 'how,' he is bound and gagged this evening. As to 'where,' he is in the tonneau of my car, two blocks down. You see, I had reason to watch Tinny Merlow from the moment he was released this morning."

She looked unconvinced.

"You see, Miss Delnam, the man lower down in that old forgery has never been turned up, and so I had to be a younger brother to Tinny and tag him to his playgrounds. And, by the way, you yourself had better keep this notebook leaflet with his alias and your name and address upon it. I shall release him in a few hours now."

Detective Grant then performed one of his rare, one-eyebrow-up-one-eyebrow-down smiles and, introducing himself, replaced his mask and disappeared up the stairs and into the festal-room.

VIII.

THE hall had become animatedly joyous in the interim Grant had been absent. The be-palmed and silken-rugged orchestra island was throwing its tones bounding from every corner and a dreamily beautiful Arabian Nights girl with Turkey red gown, golden breastplates and red and gold turban danced languorously. Grant, appearing to follow the tiny dancer's gyrations, skilfully sought out the Sphinx instead and watched her from vantage after vantage. She was a lithey, insidious creature of rare attainments and personality; vibrant as an old violin, unobtrusive. And when she occasionally took off her mask in fun, Sheffield imagined she was enjoying more parted-lip, glistening-eye excitement than the social game alone would warrant. Shiny black hair laced sleek by chaplets of fine pearls brought out the deep setting of her cool, fine eyes, the rich duskiness of her cheek and the youthful, rounded lips.

A half-hour—an hour—more than double an hour elapsed. The bird and the beetle were careening before her in every contortion of ecstasy when what seemed a hopeless evening suddenly took on the aura of a rosy hue, for a deep groan was heard to emanate some feet away from the Sphinx, from the Snow King.

"My five-carat!" he quavered. "I had it—you saw it—in front of my crown all evening—er, not an instant ago!"

Every mouth paused on its word. A hundred gestures ceased and a hundred masked faces turned toward the loser.

"Better remove the masks," said the beetle, who was no less than Tomson, the city detective, "and while Mr. Dickson secures the exits, would you gentlemen and ladies kindly arrange yourselves upon opposite sides of the room preparatory to a search?"

In a flash, Grant stood beside the speaker.

"May I suggest another course?" he asked. "Thank you. It is this: I hardly need to remind you good people of the past uselessnesses of this 'search' procedure. In fact, I can tell you that Mr. Standish's diamond is already en route,—tho, I confess, not as completely so as Mme. Sphinx imagines. Miss Delnam, if you would kindly request your guests to descend with me to the site of last summer's lawn, we may, with the help of lights, recover the five-caret snowflake taken from the Snow King's crown."

It was indeed a bomb hurled into their midst. Every masker stood motionless, with mental mouth wide. Mr. Standish was the first to stir the congelation and at last a breaking-up of the conversational ice-floes was started. An undercurrent of murmuring accompanied the crowd as it was guided in slow descent to the outside. "Who is this Sphinx?" "Why, Thele Senneck." "Absurd!" "Absolutely humorous!" "This is ridiculous, don't you know!"

Once without, several of the men had their automobiles driven up the driveway to throw their searchlights upon the scene while Detective Grant centered the groups upon a large plot of crisp, brown turf adjoining a front facade of the mansion. Here he directed the attention of the assemblage very pointedly to some wiry sparse bushes beneath a second story, slightly open window belonging to the hallroom above.

He bade the people approach these wiry bushes.

"Can you make out anything in them?" he asked.

An awed murmur electrified the park. A small, black terrier was nosing on the brown turf beneath the bushes, frantically sniffing, turning, squirming as tho it had lost its little canine mind. Sheffield walked up to the animal, but instead of touching it, his hand went to his coat-sleeve and he drew out a small, black handkerchief. Holding it high above the bushes, he allowed it to fall into the branches. All eyes were as one pair as the little dog sniffed about, nosed up into the branches, sprang several feet into the brambles, muzzled the handkerchief and dashed away with it.

"Catch him, Malone," called Grant, "Hold him tight. Take care; he can give you an ugly wound. That's it. Here, young dog! I'll show you the article you should have carried away."

Searching but a moment, Grant found upon another branch of the bush another black handkerchief, this one heavily knotted. Without a dash of the dramatic, Grant untied the knots and took from their folds the five-carat, violet-white stone of the Standishes.

IX.

"SIR," Thele Senneck broke the silence. "Kindly explain your insult to me—and quickly."

"Willingly, Madam," Grant was courteous to the end. "Let me have the handkerchief you took from the dog, Malone. Do you recognize this handkerchief, tho it had no knots in it today, Madam? I drew it from my sleeve a moment ago, threw it on the bushes, and your dog caught it and bounded away with it in his muzzle.—Ah! I see you do recognize it. You would know it by its faint odor of echinacea apoditum, otherwise known as 'dog-nip.'

"Very good. Now, you realize, at last, that I exchanged handkerchiefs with you at the ball upstairs tonight. You are beginning to recall how you found a black handkerchief at the toe of your boot and thought it was yours and that you had dropped it; how Pierrot picked it up for you. But, dear lady, in so doing, do you not think he could have draw from a pocket in your dress your own black handkerchief which you might not have dropped at all? and a least corner of which Pierrot might have seen when he first came to the ball? Only I did not use 'dog-nip' on the one I threw at your feet and which you accepted for your own. This peculiar odor upon it merely comes from the ink I dyed it in. Thus, when you knotted Mr. Standish's diamond into it—and so skilfully that no one saw you do it, not even I, who watched you—and when you tossed it out of that window above, equally skilfully—your little black, canine courier failed to become interested. He didn't smell his 'dog-nip' on it. But could you have failed to notice how he jumped for this, your original handkerchief?"

"What deluded day-dreams! I never saw the dog fn my life before. All here know the deathdy horror I have for them. Such a pretty little scheme about people throwing things out of windows miraculously! The absurdest nonsense I ever listened to. You do not realize that you are laying yourself liable, defaming one's character before all these people."

Grant looked long and seriously at her.

"You do not realize the force of this little receipt," he said simply and far from unkindly, and procured the slip of paper he had crumpled unseen in his palm in the taxi, the slip which had been among the private letters Opal Delnam had received.

"Xavier Williamson's receipt for 'special services rendered Mrs. Thele Senneck'. You see," he continued, "my dear Mrs. Senneck, that knowledge is power. Few keen detectives do not know that Xavier Williamson is a dog-trainer." He turned away. "Malone, will you get a city detective?"

"No—no!" cried Mr. Standish. "As you say, Mr. Grant, knowledge is power, and now that we know whom to—whom to fear—we scarcely need anything else beside the restoration of our goods. Do I speak for us all?" He turned to the assemblage.

"Yes," spoke a less recent loser, "If Mrs. Senneck will give each of us a clew whereby we may recover the heirlooms and incomparables we have lost, we could wish for nothing more."

"That's it!" said another. "We wish no scandal or notoriety."

Detective Grant addressed Mrs. Senneck. "Are you agreeable, Mrs. Senneck?"

The reply came with startling clearness. It was "No! Call your 'city detective.'" And cloaked in her mantle of moody indifference, not another word would she suffer to be evoked from her.

She had read her victims, in fact, only too well. The pause was as vibrant as long. "Well," said Grant, at length,—"if no one comes forward to condemn Mrs. Senneck, I am sure it is none of my affairs." He held the Williamson receipt up, shrugged his shoulders and tore it into flakes.

X.

"WHATEVER happens, Spinko boy," said Grant as his housekeeper retired with a tray of empty coffee things and the flames licked the logs to crackling, toasted the cheek to radiance and the eye to sparkling "whatever happens, never speak to that rotter, Gyp. He's no terrier. He's a dog. Yet, I suppose, in his dumb way he's responsible for averting a matrimonial crime to say the least—not to speak of the ten-thousand-dollar item we were mentioning a few days ago. But do you know—and this is a secret—I believe society even now longs for her. I believe it would be right willing to forfeit a gem or two now and then for the intoxication of her company, for, in the words of Millionnaire Standish—and perhaps another man—'she was a deucedly fine woman and it was a pity to lose her.'"

* * *

There for a Purpose.

MRS. TOMPKINS had given an invitation to a few friends to spend a pleasant evening with her. With music, cards and gossip the time was passing beautifully, when one of the invited guests noticed the hostess' little girl sitting on a chair where she had been all the evening.

Going up to her the good lady said: "Well, my dear, you are a good, quiet little girl. Will you sit on my knee?"

"No, thank you," said the little one demurely. "I mustn't."

'Mustn't, my dear? I don't understand," queried the lady.

"Well, you see," was the meek reply, "I've got to sit still and hide the hole in this chair."

* * *

His Advice.

"Your rifle," said the military instructor, "is your best friend. Take every care of it; treat it as you would your wife; rub it thoroly with an oily rag every day."

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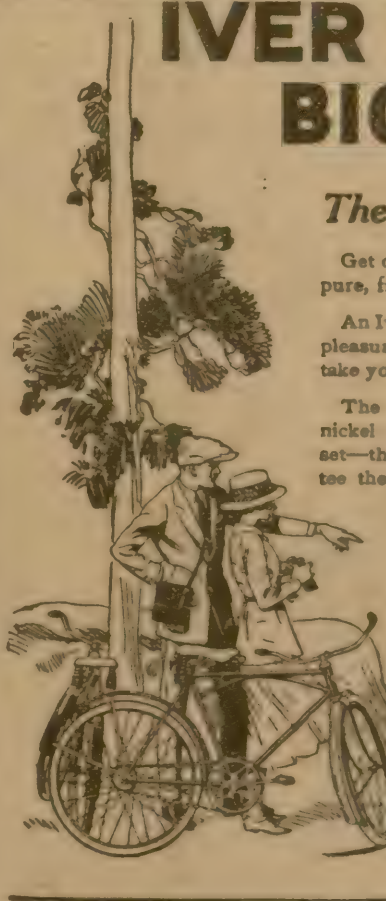

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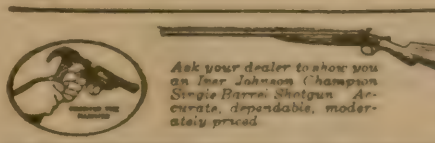

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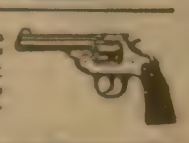

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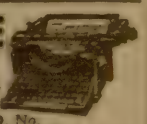

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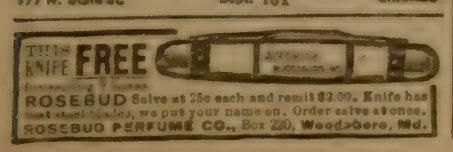

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The Snowbird

(Concluded From Page 10)

"It's sure good of you, Miz Randle," said he, his mouth full of food. He ate for a moment in silence, swallowed, and spoke again:

"As I told you, Miz Randle, I'm from Noo Yark. But I've got a favor to ask. It's this. Don't you believe all the people in Noo Yark is like me. They're not. I'm on'y a hobo, and about the worst bloomin' one. Noo Yark is the finest old town in the world, Miz Randle. Ever been up there?"

"I have never been out of this State in my life," the good woman confessed. "I never wanted to go. Now won't you have some fresh butter and honey on yo' hot biscuits? It goes mighty fine."

The Snowbird accepted it. "Maybe," Lee suggested, "you ain't been in Florida fo' very long. I've heard it said the people who goes to Heaven from Florida has to be kep' chained to keep 'em from comin' back home."

A sidewise glance at his hostess checked the peppery words the Snowbird was at the point of saying. He put half a butter-and-honey biscuit into his mouth.

"No," he said indistinctly, "not very long. But Noo Yark——"

And that's how the Snowbird came to the Randles.

Days passed, and the tramp guest sometimes forgot to limp. Between the Snowbird and young Randle, war was always ready to break out, with the verbal banner of New York City on one side and that of the sovereign State of Florida on the other. It was only thought of the little mother-woman, of course, that barred the way to open hostilities.

Whatever his faults, the Snowbird had come to worship Mrs. Randle. As a matter of fact, she was the cloest approach to a real mother that his twenty-three stormy years had given him. It seems singular that his frank adoration of her did not impress Lee in his favor at the time.

CAME a sunny day when Lee found the tramp chasing a rabbit thru the grove and into the circle of spire-shaped, deep-green camphor trees. Rabbits and graveyards; they somehow belong together. Randle swore aloud and joined the chase. He came upon the tramp standing inside the inclosure, the fleet little animal forgotten, his gaze glued thoughtfully upon the eloquent face of one of the stately, white marble slabs.

"Did you think you could ketch that rabbit?" sneered Lee. "My, but yo leg is bad crippled, ain't it!"

The Snowbird's countenance darkened. Thoughtfulness left it.

"Aw, g'wan! You big stiff, if it wasn't for her," and he jerked a thumb toward the house, "I wouldn't stay here!"

Lee Randle laughed somewhat harshly. "Oh, wouldn't you? Well, well! Now I'd sho' hate fo' you to leave. It'd break my po' heart to pieces. Say, Snowbird, if you're able to run cottontails to death, you're able to work. There's lots o' prunin' to be done, and I can show you how. I'll pay you real money fo' yo' time, too. Le's git the shears; eh?"

Snowbird shrugged as tho it were a thing that couldn't be helped at the moment, and turned with the youthful groveman toward the barn. But he stopped at the edge of the dark-green trees, and faced about suddenly.

"This is about the niftiest little cemetery I've ever seen, Lee," he said. "When I've rode my last train and cussed my last shack, I wouldn't mind lyin' here myself."

"But these is all Randles," Lee replied haughtily and unworthily;; "and you're somebody else."

"G'wan!" clipped the Snowbird. "That wouldn't matter, would it?"

He developed his limp before they reached the barn. It would delay the healing of his leg, he whined, if he worked on it now. The temperature of the argument rose, and so did the sound. Mrs. Randle heard, and hastened out to them.

"Now, Lee," she reproved, "You mustn't ask the po' boy to work befo' he's really able, you know. You mustn't. It ain't hospitality. Snowbird, you just string our old back-po'ch hammock to them two cabbage-palms there, and lie and read or something until yo' hurt gits well. The orange trees is mighty thawny, Lee, honey; he might cripple hisself up all over again; and if he had blood poison in it, it'd be too bad fo' anything. Suppose you fix the hammock fo' him, Lee; wont you?"

Lee strung the hammock to the palms, gave the Snowbird a withering look, and stalked off toward the grove.

"You see," Mrs. Randle explained when her son had gone, "Lee went to New Yawk once, and it seems that he—he sawt o' got stung out o' a big lot o' money. That's why he don't like—New Yawk."

The tramp spent the rest of that day lying in the hammock and smoking Lee Randle's tobacco rolled into cigarettes, sleeping, and making more or less shrewd guesses as to young Randle's disastrous visit to the North.

Lee's disgruntled spirit sought action of the mask-and-revolver kind that night. All he got was the adventure—and half a column in the newspapers. The next night it was the same, and the next. Travelers' checks present difficulties to highwaymen. Lee flatly refused to accept them.

The county had become rather well stirred up over it. The fact that women were always spared came to light, and this gave it a romantic coloring.

The Snowbird digested the news, and drew conclusions of his own.

Randle was as headstrong as he was determined. In the afternoon he rode into town with both eyes wide open for costly automobiles wearing New York license tags. A big limousine, heavily laden with baggage, caught his attention; it was in a garage, and two mechanics worked as tho madly over the motor. A florid man with the manner of a metropolitan banker walked the floor and kept inquiring:

"How long? How long?"

"Three hours," he was told. "But you can easily make Tampa before midnight, with the perfect road you'll have."

Lee Randle heard and rode on. But he didn't hear the garage's owner tell the Northerner about the recent holdups and urge caution; nor did he hear the Northerner say that he would demand one of the sheriff's deputies for a guard until he had passed out of the county.

"Three hours," Randle muttered to himself. "It'll be dark in less'n two. I reckon I'll call on old John Pattison befo' midnight."

He rode homeward. When he had put up his horse, fed his livestock and himself and had half a quarrel with the Snowbird, he went to the veranda and sat down to wait for dusk. The Snowbird followed; he stood over Randle and eyed him narrowly.

"Well, tell it!" clipped Lee.

"You'd better cut it out," half-whispered the tramp. "That's old stuff. It's not done any more, 'cept in lawful ways. I'm tellin' you, it won't go. It's a bloomin' wonder you ain't already slipped up, you boob!"

Randle had gone a little white. "What d'you mean?"

"You know bloomin' well w'at I mean," said the Snowbird, and he walked away trying to whistle carelessly.

When the soft Southern dusk had begun to gather, Lee went to the barn and changed his clothing, and stole across the grove and to the lake. The fast gray boat was where he had left it. He got in and took off the chain, headed for the open water, and started the motor. A muffled spit, a sputter, a noise as of the firing of a distant machine gun, and he was off.

Half a dozen miles he made in ragged lakes and crooked rivers, picking his way with the eye of one who knows exactly where he is going; then he drove the little vessel up to a low shore lined thickly with scrub palmetto and gallberry bushes. He sprang out, drew the bow aground just enough to hold it, tied on his blue bandanna mask and crept toward the Tampa road, which was not more than three rods from the water's edge.

An automobile with two headlights hove in sight—no high-powered limousine, as Lee Randle knew, and he kept himself hidden in the palmettos. Another machine with weak lights, and it, also, passed unmolested. Ten more minutes, and a car with with four lights, two bright heads and two powerful spots above them, came roaring around the nearest bend. Lee adjusted his mask, drew his six-gun, and threw himself into an apparently lifeless heap in the road.

It was a dangerous trick, but it was unique.

The limousine came to a screeching stop beside him. The doors snapped open. The man who looked like a metropolitan banker and a taller man stepped out—

Randle shot erect like a steel spring, his revolver at a ready.

"Shell out, you!" he gritted. "Shell out, you!"

Somebody in the big car cried out smotheredly in fright. The tall man beside the limousine's owner—the sheriff's deputy—jerked up a stubnosed automatic pistol and pulled the trigger. With the explosion Randle felt a streak as of fire cross his temple; he staggered backward, almost fell into the palmettos, and crawled dizzily toward his boat. The deputy cried out a few words that Randle didn't catch, and began to rake the scrub with a fusillade of steel jackets.

Randle found his boat, and crumpled half in and half out of it. He felt his senses leaving him, and he struggled mightily to accomplish his purpose—to get away. Then all was black. . . .

IT WAS an hour, perhaps, before he came to. He was in his gray boat, out in the lake. A great golden moon was just peering above the palmtops of the eastern shore. His head ached, and he remembered; he took stock of himself, as it were, and missed both his bandanna mask and his revolver.

After bathing his wound and pulling his hair over it, he started the motor and found his way home after a long, dim try. It was midnight when he crept up the back stairs and to bed.

But he couldn't sleep. He kept thinking of that which the Snowbird had said to him on the veranda. What did the tramp know? Then he told himself that he had it; the tramp had betrayed him! His consciousness was dulled miserably.

Randle tiptoed to the door of the Snowbird's room and peered in. He was able to see without striking a light that the bed was empty. Soft footfalls, somewhat slow, sounded in the dark hallway behind him, and he turned.

"Mother," he asked, his voice level only with a supreme effort, "do you know where Snowbird went?"

"Ain't he there? Lee, somehow I couldn't sleep none. I slipped up here to see if you'd come home."

Lee Randle passed up breakfast on the following morning, saddled his horse and rode to town for possible news. In boldness he had found his greatest strength. He held his horse in as he passed between the old courthouse on one side of the street and the jail on the other. A voice from the jail's main entrance hailed him sharply:

"Here a minute, Lee!" It was the high sheriff.

Randle drew up at the curb and dismounted. He threw his horse's rein over a post, and walked up the steps fearlessly. What did anybody really know against him?

"There's a man back here wants to see you, Lee," said the officer. "I was just going to send for you."

He conducted Randle to a cell in which lay a figure on a narrow bed, with a watchful doctor sitting close by. Randle walked in, peered over the doctor's shoulder, and saw—the Snowbird.

The Snowbird saw him. The Snowbird's face was drawn and white.

"You go out," he said to the doctor, and to the sheriff, "You go out, too. I got to tell Lee somethin' to tell his mother. I stayed with them Randles. Well, are you goin', or not?"

They went. Randle, somehow remorseful already, sat down in the chair the doctor had vacated but that moment. He took up the tramp's limp hand, and the tramp seemed unaware of it. In broken whispers, Lee caught this:

"I was on to you, Lee. You big boob, didn't you know that you—couldn't get away with that stuff long? . . . I hid myself in your boat and went with you last night. I meant to get you absolutely dead to rights, and then—put it up to you to quit, or I'd tell HER. . . . When you fell half in the boat—I got you the rest o' the way in and shoved you into the lake. I was goin' to get in myself, but—that deputy's machine gun had got me. . . . I knowed I was a goner, and I let 'em think it was me. Your gun and bandanna was lyin' close, and it worked real nifty. You'd drifted out o' sight when they found me. . . . Now straighten up—and be sure you don't tell HER—you bloomin'—boob——"

A silent eternity crowded itself into the next minute. Randle got up, broken-hearted, and left the cell. The sheriff met him in the corridor and put a penitent hand on his shoulder.

"Lee, it's certainly up to me to beg your pardon, and I do. I had figured it out that it was you all the time."

That which was a swift gray boat now lies in a lake's bottom, a mass of rust and rot. And in that circle of deep-green camphor trees on the Randle estate there is a fine shaft of white marble lettered simply:

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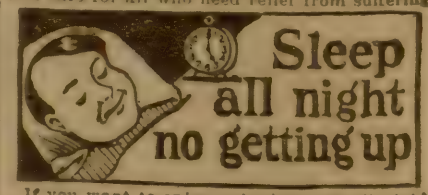

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E. P. WORTH, 74 Cortlandt St., New York

Sidestepping Ryan

(Continued From Page 10)

night. But when I opens that there letter in my cell an' five yellow centuries comes tumblin' out, I knows that it's from you—an' that it's my end of that diamon' wristlet. But say, Jerry, the fence you went to stuck you for fair, if you only got a thousand for it. Howsomever, that's the h—l of our game.

"But to get back to the story. I realizes, o' course, that you don't dare put no writin' in that letter. So all th' time I'm waitin' for this guy Ryan to live or croak, I'm wonderin' who you was, where you come from, whether you was a Chicago crook or some out of town guy.

"But it happens, Jerry, that I carries that envelope around in my back pocket, an' account of my pacin' up an' down in that two-by-four cell of mine an' sweatin' to beat th' band from thinkin' about swingin' for Ryan's death, the stamp fin'lly comes off. And then f'r the first time I learns who you was, for I sees where you had wrote in small letters under the stamp: 'From Jerry Dempsey, 26½ Mott street, New York. You know who.'

"An' say—I'd heard a dozen times in my life about Jerry Dempsey, th' slickest second-story worker in the East. But I tell you I cert'nly never suspected as I was goin' to meet up with him on the porch roof of the Ippstein bungalow in th' town of Chi. So, havin' heard about you before, Jerry, an' havin' got a straight, square deal from you on that little job, I always remembers your name an' address what you slipped me under the stamp with the five centuries. An' I—— But again I'm gettin' away from the facts. Them, I takes it, you wants to hear?"

"Yes," I admitted, blowing a few smoke rings ceilingward. "Part of them were in the newspapers about that time. But I'd rather hear your own side of the story, Tim."

"Well," he continued, "this here Ryan lives. Believe me, it was a long three months f'r me while he was fightin' off death, but at th' end of that time th' screws in the county jail tells me that he's took a big turn for the better. An' he keeps gettin' better, till fin'lly I hears that he's discharged from the hospital. Then next day I hears that he's been took out of his harness an' made a fly cop on th' Chicago detective bureau, account of his quick work in the Ippstein case.

"But, after all, Jerry, it was lucky f'r me that I'd planted Ryan in the hospital for them three long months, for if I'd been tried right after the Ippstein robbery, I'd a been over th' road long since and servin' a stretch in the Joliet Big House. An' my havin' to wait f'r Ryan to live or die brings me up to the day that the famous Chicago county jail daylight delivery takes place. Did you read about that, Jerry, in the Noo York papers?"

"I read all about the affair, Tim," I answered. "It was in all the papers, I imagine, from coast to coast. As I remember it, some of you fellows on the third tier had been let out of your cells into the exercise corridor—the bull pen—one Sunday afternoon. One of you had a bunch of hacksaw blades that had been smuggled into him by his girl. I don't remember the details clearly, but another one of you, I believe, sawed away two of the bars, unnoticed by the passers-by on Illinois street, three stories below. Then, by means of a rope made from sheets contributed by each one, five or six of you came down in broad daylight. And the few people on the street that Sunday afternoon were so dumfounded that not one had presence of mind enough to notify the jail office."

"Righto," said Tim. "An' to cut the story short, Tim Waldo was one of them that shinned down the rope. Well, I breaks for an alley on Illinois street and comes out on Michigan street, where I makes tracks f'r the Chicago & Northwestern freight yards. There I manages to board an out-goin' rattler. By hidin' in the woods by day an' travelin' by nigh on different roads, I makes the Western coast in a little over four weeks. An' it's out on th' Western coast that I been for them past five years.

"But now to tell you why I'm so leary o' settin' foot in Chi. Two days after I makes my getaway, I passes thru Burlington, Iowa. Near th' tracks I picks up a Chicago newspaper what somebody has thrun out of the car window, an' I reads all about that there famous jail delivery—the first ever known in this burg. An' as I reads on I learns how them other guys is gettin' picked up, one by one. But at the end of that account is a interview with the guy I'd knocked out on the Ippstein lawn—Ryan of the detective bureau. But by th' workin's of fate an' city politics he's not plain Ryan no more, Jerry. He's Sergeant Ryan! An' he tells th' newspaper guys that he'll never rest as long as he lives until he lands th' Flea behind the bars—and makes him serve time f'r the Ippstein robbery."

"I don't wonder you're leary of the big town, Tim. Strikes me that you're taking long chances in venturing back here again."

"I'm takin' some slight chances, to be sure," he admitted, "f'r the dream of Ryan's life would be to nab me hisself an' get square for them three months in the horspital I give him. But——" He lifted up his coat tail and showed me the butt of a villainous looking revolver protruding from his hip pocket. "But neither th' honorable Sergeant Ryan nor no other dick is ever goin' to take me, Jerry. I been in th' West f'r five long years, where they shoot to kill." A venomous grin spread over his face. And he added meaningly: "An' I'm a Westerner now, Jerry. Do you get me?"

HE PAUSED for a moment, while I nodded slowly.

"But now," he went on, "to tell you about the biz on hand, why I wrote to you at 26½ Mott street, an' why I'm back in Chi.

"Out near Los Angeles, Jerry, I been workin' for the last six months as hostler on a big estate there. Don't smile, 'bo. The best of us has to work now an' then f'r our livin'." He paused for a second. "This estate belonged to old Mortimer Dean. Do you know who I mean?"

"Not Dean, the baking powder man? The one whose name is riveted to the steps of every elevated platform in the country?"

"The same," smiled Tim. "Mortimer Dean—multimillionaire—th' guy that piled up his coin by advertisin' ordinary bakin' powder. At any rate, Jerry old Dean bein' a widower has a female housekeeper what takes care of both the Chicago house on the Lake Shore Drive in the summertime, an' the California home in the wintertime. An' seein' that the old gal was kinda shinin' up to me, I gradually makes love to her, Jerry, thinkin' I might pick up a little information about where the old gent keeps the silverplate an' so forth.

"An' say—she falls for it. But she's too foxy to spill any information about that there Los Angeles home. Nevertheless, I makes love to her all the harder, an', bit by bit, piece by piece—it took me a long two months o' careful pumpin'—I manages to extract some mighty interestin'—not to say valooble—information about this here Chicago home.

"It seems, first of all, Jerry, that old Mortimer Dean is a Catholic. In fact, far's religion goes, I'm a strict nooter. An' let me tell you, pal, that he's a real Catholic, for he's got a shrine—or altar—or whatever you call it—right in his own home. An' bein' rich in the kale, he ain't stinted himself, it seems, in the ornaments that stands in that there shrine. They're gold—all of 'm."

"Gold? And solid?"

"Righto. This here shrine, however, is hid in such a way that it don't never need to be disturbed when the old gink leaves the city. In fact, nobody but old Dean, the housekeeper, Tim Waldo, an' maybe Jerry Dempsey knows that it exists. But I'm a-goin' to tell you about the chief adornment of that shrine.

"It's a gold candlestick, Jerry, what he had made in mem'ry of his daughter's death, an' what ain't never supposed to be moved out of there. It stands about three feet high. It's got a base an inch thick an 'a foot across, with little solid gold angels like you an' me around it. And its stem is three inches across, with a one-inch hole bored f'r th' candle. To boil down the old gal's description, Jerry, it weighs close on to one hundred and fifty pounds. It——"

"Great Scott!" I ejaculated. "Then it——" I made a hasty mental calculation. "At $15 an ounce, Tim, she'd certainly reach mighty close to your figure of $40,000. So that's what has brought you back to the danger lines of the big town, Tim?"

"Righto," he replied. "I sure done a lot of figurin' with a stub of pencil when I learned about that there gold candlestick from the lovesick dame that was stuck on me. An' when I finds how it's right here in town year in an' year out, hid in the slickest way you ever heard of, I seen that it's up to me to beat old Mortimer Dean back to Chi by at least a week. I knows exactly how to uncover that shrine. I knows just how to take care of that 150-pound stick of gold after we gets it. An' with th' stout shoulders of Jerry Dempsey on th' job, we ought to raise our respective antes by $20,000 apiece."

He reached over and clapped me exuberantly on the shoulder.

"So, you see, Jerry," he added, "I ain't never forgot your squareness to me in mallin' me them five centuries as my end of the Ippstein loot. When I gets all this valooble dope out in Los Angeles, an' knows that it's up to me to round up a pal f'r the heavy liftin' of the job, I thinks first of all of Jerry Dempsey an' the little Noo York address that he slips me five years back. Natur'lly, I knows there ain't no use of my tryin' to round up a pal in any of them old Chicago haunts of mine. For I never forgets, Jerry, about that interview with Ryan"—his voice took on a sneer—"Sergeant Ryan—who says he'll put me back of th' bars if it takes him a lifetime. Is it all plain now? If it is, we'll go into the plans for the slashin' of this here gold candlestick."

Till late that night we sat in Tim's room, discussing in turn notorious

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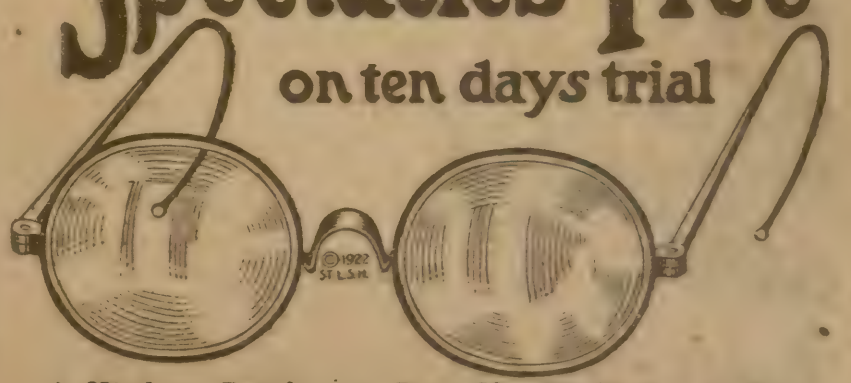

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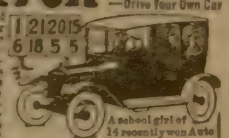

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crooks with whom each of us had an acquaintance, and going fully into the plans that Tim had been laying on the way from California to Chicago. So far as our actual procedure in removing the gold candlestick was concerned, he was quite cool and collected; but otherwise he seemed to be in a most nervous and unstrung condition. Later in the evening he got into the habit of springing to his feet almost every little while, and, after jerking his hand quickly to his back pocket where that villainous looking revolver reposed, of flinging open the door of the room. But each time, of course, the outer hallway proved to be quite empty.

TIM'S plans, which I did not venture to modify greatly, consisted of reaching Mortimer Dean's Lake Shore Drive residence shortly after midnight, and of securing entrance to the deserted house by the usual simple means. He was quite emphatic in his assertion that old Dean's housekeeper had declared that no caretaker was ever left there on account of the valuables having been removed. And it was certain that by working from the rear of the house and without lights, we could escape detection by any casual night patrolman. At any rate, after finding the window of the old man's library by means of a crude map which Tim had constructed, we were to uncover the hidden altar, whose secret, of course, was still locked in Tim's mind. The heavy gold candlestick we would have to carry quickly across Lake Shore Drive at such a moment when we should see that the street was utterly deserted, after which we would be safe in the darkness and gloom of the vacant prairie land that lines Lake Michigan for blocks and blocks. There we could bury it and mark the spot. And later, we could return with hacksaws and cut the thing into chunks of convenient enough size to be carried away in valises.

So, when 10 o'clock came we sallied forth, Tim carrying under his coat a short jimmy, and in his pocket a ball of putty, a glass-cutter, and a tiny electric flashlight. And I noticed, too, that before we left he carefully inspected the workings of his revolver.

By means of a roundabout course we reached old Mortimer Dean's Lake Shore Drive residence at about 11:15. There we lay in the bushes at the rear of the place until about 1 o'clock in the morning, after which the street appeared to be utterly devoid of theater-returning cabs. Then we set to work.

By means of Tim's crude map we located the old millionaire's library window. With myself on all fours and Tim standing on my back, he quickly pried off the boards one by one, stepping down each time to lay them in order upon the grass so that they could be replaced later. Then, by means of a circular cut in the curved pane, the ball of putty pasted on the inside of the cut, and a sharp blow, Tim made a wide opening in the glass. By successive cuts he reached the window lock, and finally, after I had begun to ache in every bone of my body from the pressure of his feet on my spine, he ran the window up to its full extent.

We lost no time in climbing up over the sill. Once on the inside of the room, Tim flashed on his pocket electric light. At first I saw only the elaborate furnishings of a library, with the chairs, desks, and tables all shrouded in ghastly white covers, and the walls and mantelpieces quite denuded of all ornaments, valuable or otherwise.

But as I continued to gaze around I noticed a large oil painting on one of the walls. The picture in its massive gilt frame, which measured almost six feet by four, was merely that of a child playing with a lamb. Tim, too, caught sight of it, and focussing his light on it, gave a chuckle of delight. Straight and firmly, without hesitation, he strode over to it, where he commenced fumbling over the ornamental surface of the left lower corner. His fingers must have come in contact with a hidden spring, for, with a sudden whirring noise, the whole canvas rolled up like a shade. And there, built in the wall itself, was a large aperture with all the concomitants of a shrine.

Almost instantly I caught sight of the gold candlestick that Tim had described.

Even to me—calloused as my aesthetic senses are—it was a beautiful thing. Solid and massive, shining in its dull red-gold color, bearing in the top its single white candle, it seemed almost sacrilegious for us to lay a finger on it.

BUT there was no religion in Tim. By the faint light that reflected from the surface of the candlestick back to his own features, I could see the greed—the insatiable greed—spreading over his face. With a smothered oath he strode over to it and flung the candle clear across the room. He seized the top of the candlestick and tilted the whole object carefully to a horizontal position. Then he beckoned for me to take the other end.

I did so. It must surely have weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, for the slight distance to the window started us both to puffing. When we reached the sill, we laid it carefully there, evenly balanced.

"Now, Jerry," directed Tim in a whisper, "while I keep her from tippin', climb out an' get on th' ground. As I tilt my end up, catch the lower end an' help me to let her down slow. Go easy an' don't put too much strain on me, for it's me that'll be leanin' out of the window."

I sprung out on the dark, dew-covered grass and followed his instructions to the letter. Inch by inch we lowered that gold candlestick, Tim leaning far out and grunting audibly. As its heavy base touched the ground I glanced quickly upward at him. To be sure, I could not make him out very well in the darkness, but his white hands, showing plainly in contrast to the drab stone of the building, were completely visible.

Opportunity, they say, knocks but once on every man's door. So I did not hesitate for an instant. It seemed almost a shame to do it, it was so simple; but, after all, business is business. I reached into my back pocket; and from there up to his wrists, where I snapped on a pair of clean, cold bracelets.

"What the de——" he ejaculated out loud.

I climbed back thru the open window and pushed an electric switch button whose location I had observed a few minutes earlier. A great chandelier above us burst into radiance, filling the room with light.

"What the—why, Jerry——" he began again. But I interrupted him:

"Sorry, Waldo," I said, "but that letter you sent from Los Angeles to 26½ Mott Street, New York, never reached Jerry Dempsey, for he's serving time in Sing Sing. Instead, its contents were telegraphed back to Chicago detective headquarters. And——"

"An' you?" he interrupted feebly, staring at me wide-eyed.

"Yes," I said, as I took off my hat and pressed back the hair which covered the long, irregular scar that had been there for the past five years, "I'm Sergeant Ryan."

❦ ❦ ❦

Underground.

(Continued From Page 2.)

out getting his ragged old clothes quite so dirty. If Fortune had been only a little kinder, now—she lurched wearily into the next room at Mary's querulous call.

Mark came in late one afternoon, a pathetically gray, stooping figure in his shabby clothes and slumped wearily into a battered rocker. His lack-luster eyes fell upon his worn-out shoes, broken at the toes, worn thru the sole, tied with frayed strings and innumerable knots. New shoes! He could not even afford rubbers. Food, medicine, and those bills. Ah, those bills! They hung over him like grim, menacing spectres. Money! Money!

He rose and shuffled over to the table. He ate mechanically, hardly tasting the luke-warm fried potato, the stale bread, the rankly-bitter tea. He pushed away, and stuck his empty pipe into his mouth, then took it out again. Mark had given up smoking. It cost too much for even the cheapest tobacco. At last he put on his ragged old ulster, and went out into the night.

He sliced and jabbed at the fires, rejoicing with animal pleasure in their heat, and added coal to the thin places. For a while he sat in the boiler-room, gazing with lusterless eyes across the dusty vault.

The clock on the Masonic Building struck one! two! with a hollow clang. A biting wind swept down the streets, and turned the soft mud of the earlier evening to frozen hummocks. There was not even the step of a belated passer-by on the street.

A dark figure crouched in front of a massive steel vault. The face, in the shadow, was concealed further by a voluminous cap, pulled low. In the man's hands was something that streamed a livid, white-hot flame, a streak that ate the hardened steel as if it were cheese.

For an instant the man straightened up with a sigh, and flexed his cramped muscles. The little of his features that could be seen had an uncanny resemblance to those of a rat, a vicious fighting rodent gnawing in the dark. Bah! It was easy work getting into what they called strongholds. They had yet to build a vault in these hick burgs that he could not get the better of.

He bent over again to his task. What a lot of rats there were round these country buildings! He had heard one gnawing at intervals all the evening.

ALL at once the earth itself seemed to cave in under him. Down, down he went in a clattering shower of bricks and falling earth and rending cement into utter blackness. The lantern, jarred from its resting place, fell upon the floor, and its spring snapped, breaking the circuit.

He seemed to have fallen upon something soft, something that writhed and twisted and struggled. He struck with rage and his blow landed upon flesh. Two viselike hands seized him in a relentless grip. He smelt earth and ashes and dust. In terrified rage, he fought with every weapon that nature gave him. He kicked, he bit, he snarled, he squealed like the cornered rat that he was.

For all his desperation, he was no athlete, and his sudden fury soon spent itself. His unexpected fall had all but knocked the breath from him, and one wrist had been cruelly lacerated by the fragments of brick and cement. Exquisite pain in that arm made great drops of agony stand out on his forehead.

If he could but get one hand to his hip, where rested a very serviceable and efficient "gat," he would soon free himself from this unknown terror. He wriggled, squirmed, writhed, in vain. In the narrow hole he was effectually pinned.

He made one convulsive heave, and his panting opponent relaxed his grip for an instant. That, brief as it was, was enough for the burglar. His right arm wrenched loose and plucked the gun from his pocket. The stunning explosion was deafening in the cramped hole. The old man's grip slackened, sagged——

The rat-faced plunderer raised the gun above his head as far as he could, and struck savagely, once, twice, in the darkness, in blind rage. That shot had been an error in his calculations. He had not planned on making so much noise. Once again he struck, snarling like a baffled beast. The limp body of Mark Jenks lurched, and sank forward with a faint thud.

The impact of the falling body threw the cracksman off his balance. He caught at the walls of earth to save himself. They crumbled in his hands. He lost his footing, and went sprawling, unable to recover himself, down toward a livid, white-hot streak that hissed and blowed balefully at him.

There was a sickening stench of

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seared flesh, an agonizing scream, and then darkness.

DARING ROBBERY FRUSTRATED BY WATCHMAN'S BRAVERY.

One of the most daring robberies ever attempted in this part of the country was foiled by the courage and presence of mind of Mark Jenks, who tends the fires at the Burdick Block, late yesterday morning. Jenks, who received painful injuries in his fight with the burglar, was found unconscious along with the cracksman at the end of a tunnel which had been dug from the Burdick Block to a point almost directly under the vault of the Prudential Trust Company, in the next building.

Jenks was hardly coherent when seen this morning. From the fragments of his story, the officials are convinced that he must have come down to fix his fires at an early hour and discovered a tunnel, dug from his boiler-room, probably by the burglar after Jenks had banked his fires for the night and gone home. The prisoner has been recognized as "Rat" Matthews, one of the most daring burglars of recent years.

Jenks evidently followed the burglar at the risk of his own life into the tunnel, and there discovered him at work with a torch upon a steel door of the vault. Both men were badly injured in the hand-to-hand fight in the darkness, and were discovered about 4 o'clock by the night patrolman on the beat, who suspected that something was wrong by the absence of the light in the Prudential.

If successful, the haul would have been an unusually heavy one, as the bank had a large amount in its vaults, specie for the payment on a Government contract.

In recognition of his services, the directors of the bank have voted Jenks a purse of $500, and have offered him a position in the employ of the concern. The bravery of the heroic old man was the talk of the town today.

Old Mark Jenks, swathed in bandages, dropped the copy of the Herald from his gnarled old hand, and turned his head on the pillow. Two great tears rolled slowly down his wrinkled face.

"Lord—be merciful—to me—a sinner!" he muttered thickly.

A Double-headed Conspiracy

(Continued From Page 13)

and your only male offspring, in particular."

"Now what?" Mac asked, relighting his pipe which had gone out from neglect.

"Well, I'm no Official List when it comes to literature. The Trainmen's Magazine is about as far as I get in my reading, with an occasional squint at one of Macnamee's editorials in The Enginemen's Journal, and I'll whisper it to you that six months ago I didn't know there was such a thing as The National Engineering Review. Hardin J. sent me a couple of copies and I looked at the pictures and let them lay round here until the maid put them away. Do you read it?"

"You know I don't. I'm too busy to read much."

"That's the trouble with you; you're so busy you don't have time to live. About two months ago I found out that the Review was the last word on engineering in these United States, and just out of curiosity I dug out those old copies and discovered that one Hardin J. McKearney, not yet graduated from a university, was held to be one of the first authorities in the land on abutments and cantilever bridges. Why, Mac, when I read that I looked up the dictionary to see what a cantilever was—sounded as if it might be something like a centipede—and then I sent him money enough to buy another bulldog."

"But there's a lot of difference between theory and practice," Mac said dubiously. "You can't learn how to drive a spike or set a fishplate by reading in a book!"

"And Hardin J. isn't going to drive spikes; he's going to use his brain, not his back."

Mac pulled at his pipe in silence for a minute or two and then asked:

"Why didn't you tell me about that Engineering Review article?"

"Oh, naturally, I thought the general manager of the Continental system kept up with all that sort of junk and, besides, you were so busy I didn't want to——"

"That's enough!" Mac interrupted. "That boy's got to make good on that job if we have to help him."

"He'll make good if we just go on minding our own business."

"Maybe so!" Mac exclaimed as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "It's a whale of a job. It's up to you to watch him. That's your big job, now. Just watch him and if he hits a snag we'll see him thru if we have to hire all the engineers on both sides of the big pond. Bishoff's never going to have a chance to fire a son of mine because he fell down on a job."

"How can I watch him when he's going to be out in the Frisco Valley and I have to be here to take care of the general manager of the Continental? Great guns, Mac, I can't——"

"It's up to you!" Mac interrupted. "That's Barber's country and maybe you can get him to keep you posted."

"That reminds me, have you seen Barber in the last twenty-four hours?"

"He was in the office this afternoon looking for you. Said he'd be in again tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow morning or this morning?" I asked as I shuffled over to the bed.

Mac looked at his watch as he moved toward the door:

"Great balls of red fire!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know it was that late. This morning. Good night."

"Good night this morning," I repeated and as Mac closed the door I switched off the lights and prepared for a fast run on the sleep special and for once I didn't care how soon I arrived at daybreak because two people, Billy Barber and Buraleen, evidently wanted to see me and, to use a phrase to which Pat seems partial, it was a case of reciprocal affection.

CHAPTER XI.

THE general manager and I went to work, perhaps, in the interest of accuracy I should say we went to the office together, that morning. Mac drove the roadster and we loafed along trying to get a reserve supply of fresh air for the arduous vicissitudes of the immediate future, as Pat might express it. We rode in silence because conversation is almost fatal to Mac's driving, he is so prone to let go of the wheel in order to gesticulate.

I improved the opportunity to go over my switch list and get a line on what I wanted to do during the day. First out on that mental list I put an interview with Mac's private secretary, Miss Martin.

Besides being an expert stenographer, Miss Martin was an exceptionally efficient woman. She wasted no energy on chewing gum, face powder or keeping her hair curled. She was fat and 40 and didn't care who knew it and when you get one like that you've got a jewel, as every business man knows.

If the clock said 8:30 and Miss Martin wasn't in the office and on the job you could gamble that the clock was wrong. If she wasn't the last person to leave the office at night she seemed to feel as if she owed some one an apology. She idolized Mac and she tolerated me and, taken all in all, she wasn't a bad sort to have near when you wanted something done and done right.

She was on the job when I went in and knowing that her time was valuable if mine wasn't, I didn't waste any of it in unnecessary introductions to the real business. I had her run thru her notebooks and read to me the names of the persons to whom Mac had written letters. We reviewed his correspondence for a week back, including the one to Mr. Hornbeck, Mac's personal attorney who was hired not only to keep Mac out of jail but to take care of his Continental holdings, our mine investment and three or four minor gambles we had taken, including a real estate development in which we hoped to pick up some of that unearned increment.

It was the letter to Hornbeck, sending to him the stock certificate with instructions for him to arrange to attend the annual meeting of stockholders and directors of the Continental system, having with him the evidence of our stock holdings, which led Mac to discover he had no stock certificate to send.

The last letter Miss Martin had on her book for that day was one addressed to Mrs. Laura Thompson.

"That is just a personal note Mrs. McKearney dictated to me," Miss Martin explained.

"Sending railroad tickets and asking Laura to come East for a visit?" I asked just to show Miss Martin that I was pretty well advised on what the family was doing. "Did you mail that letter?"

"No, Mrs. McKearney waited while I wrote it and she signed it with Mr. McKearney's pen. I gave her stamps and she said she would drop the letter in the mail chute as she went to the elevator, as she wanted to be sure the letter got out on the evening train."

"Any chance that Mrs. Mac put that stock certificate in that letter instead of the tickets?"

Miss Martin chuckled in a fashion that left me no conclusion other than that she didn't think well of my ability as a detective.

"No chance in this world!"

"Of course not," I agreed. "Kate doesn't do such things. She's one woman who knows just what she's doing all the time."

I permitted Miss Martin to get back on her day's schedule and I went in to Mac's private den to do a little plain and fancy thinking. Of the letters Miss Martin read to me, but two called for check inclosures; one of them was to the grocer and it made me wonder how Mac could eat so much and not be suffering from indigestion every day of his life. The other letter was to a publishing company; probably a printing bill for some of Pat's literature for the People's Forum.

Mac was going thru a file of correspondence in which our division superintendents were trying to explain why the tonnage record for the first six months of the year showed a decrease in the average per train, when I intruded:

"Got your checkbook handy?" I asked.

He swung around in his chair and wanted to know how much I wanted and why and, if not, why not.

"I'm not broke," I hastened to assure him. "My bank balance, two weeks ago, was as much as six bits, so I won't need any more money for a month or two. But just take a squint at your stubs."

"You sent the Acme Grocery Company a check the first of the week, didn't you?"

Mac thumbed over the stubs and then admitted:

"Yes. What was wrong with it?"

"Nothing at all, as far as I know. What other checks did you write that day?"

"None."

"The day before?" I asked.

"Paid my club account and made a deposit of one hundred dollars at Swetzer's just to hurry them up on the two suits they are making for me."

"And the day after the day you paid the grocer?"

"None," he replied after turning several stubs. "What's the matter with you, Jackson; think I'm running another establishment some place?"

"Didn't you pay a printing bill the day you paid the grocer?"

"Printing bill?" he questioned. "No, I haven't had any printing done."

"But you wrote a letter to the Shirley

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Publishing Company sending them twenty-four, fifty."

Mac looked out the window for a minute before he said:

"I wrote them but—" He thumbed the stubs of his checkbook again. "I don't remember writing them a check and yet——"

The telephone bell rang and Mac, after answering the call, passed the receiver to me.

"Some of your lady friends," he remarked. "Remember this is a business phone."

WHEN a feminine voice came in over that wire saying: "This is Buraleen Bishoff," it was real music to my ear. I had no understanding, until that moment, what Buraleen had come to mean to me. I was so impatient to see the dear woman I couldn't finish up my business with Mac. She said she was at the Nestor Hotel and felt that it was important that she see me soon. It couldn't be too soon to suit me and the minute I hung up the receiver I was off for the elevator and my Buraleen, only to run into Billy Barber coming into the outer office.

"Things, and people, are coming my way in flocks, this morning," I said to Billy, as I coupled into his arm. "Come with me. I've got a date with a woman and I may need protection."

Billy started to hold back and his face led me to believe that he wanted to argue something with me and I didn't want to argue.

"Don't start anything," I pleaded. "I'm in a big rush. Come with me and I'll explain when we flag a taxi."

"I'm going to the Nestor Hotel to meet a woman who, I'm begining to believe, has some decidedly important information that I want. When we get there, you shove in the lobby ahead of me——"

"Pull up!" Billy Barber exclaimed. "You've run me into one mess blindfolded and I'm——"

"Now don't let's argue, Billy. There's nothing to this take but listening. I just want you to drift into the reception-room first to the right from the main lobby, and sit down as if you were waiting for some one and listen with all your might."

"You'll have to release me from——"

"Release you?" I interrupted. "You are not under contract to me. If you don't feel disposed to help out a young woman, just say the word and we'll annul the running orders. Did you meet her?"

"Yes, and——"

"Looks won't stand the wash, I suppose. She is a homely little creature of so homely but so good!"

"She isn't homely!" Billy protested with some heat. "I never saw a prettier girl in my life and she's clever, too. It isn't fair——"

"Forget it!" I advised him. "Everything is fair in love and war and this is war in so far as I'm concerned. Patricia has one or two things to learn and it's up to me to see that her education is complete."

"But why use me as an object lesson?" Billy whined. "I don't want to get in bad with that young woman. Imagine how I felt leading her to believe that I was in this big city without visible means of support! What a rotten, scurvy trick! And the way she went about it to find me a position!"

"Did she really get you a job?" I asked eager to know just where Pat would turn to place this poor, benighted, jobless Westerner.

"Of course she got me a job. That is, she did her part. The rest is up to me. I'm expected to show up at the Imperial Plays Producers at 1 o'clock this afternoon to see what they think of me as a prospective movie star."

I had to laugh. I had to laugh two or three times and each time Billy Barber's face got darker.

"I see nothing funny in the situation," he growled. "You've got me in so far I'll have to go a little farther until I can find a way to gracefully disappear—and I don't want to disappear!"

"And I don't want you to disappear and you're not going to—at any rate not yet. Why not be a movie star? They tell me some of them make as much as a hundred dollars a week——"

"Oh, rot!" Billy snorted.

"Well, some of them may make more than that but you couldn't expect to jump right in on the best runs and at the highest pay. It looks to me as if Pat's done very well by you. After she's made your reputation as a movie actor, the least you could do would be to marry her."

"If she waits until I'm a movie star she'll never have a husband and I'm not going to wait until I'm a movie star to have a wife."

"Say, Billy, you are not thinking of ——"

"It's a rotten trick we're playing on her and she'll never forgive me when she finds it out."

"You should worry about her forgiving you!" I said carelessly as the taxi was drawing up to the Nestor entrance. "You do your switching according to the switch list I furnish you and I'll take the consequences. Hop into the hotel ahead of me and get in the right stall, the reception-room to the right of the lobby. Now keep your ears open!"

"I'm not going to——"

"Don't argue with me, Billy. This is serious business. You won't believe it, but Mac's control of the Continental system may be at stake on this interview and if Mac is ruined it would be up to you and me to take care of that young girl whether we wanted to or not."

I shoved him out of the taxi. For a minute I thought he was going to bolt after he was on the sidewalk.

"Take just this chance with me," I pleaded, "I'll explain the whole layout as soon as I get away from this woman."

Billy walked into the hotel a decided lack of enthusiasm being quite evident in his bearing. A few minutes later I made my payment on the bus, told the driver he was free to find another victim, and made my way to the reception-room in which Buraleen said she would be waiting for me.

She and about seven hundred dollars' worth of clothes were waiting. I may be wrong, but it seemed to me, she wasn't quite as self-possessed and forward as usual.

She insisted she was glad to see me, which, of course, was blarney. She observed that we were having exceptionally pleasant weather, which, of course, had nothing to do with her calling up on the telephone to make a date with me. She led the way to a settle and invited me to share it, which I did keeping my thumb in my vest pocket, hooked about my watch.

"You don't think much of me, do you, Mr. Reilly?"

I didn't know whether the girl was getting ready for a proposal or a breach of promise suit so I shoved ahead easy like an engineer pulling into a strange yard:

"I'm going to stand on my constitutional rights," I countered. "This is so sudden!"

While she laughed heartily at my reply with that diplomacy which is second nature to a woman when the satisfaction of her curiosity it at stake, she declined to accept my evasion as final.

"Why shouldn't you like me?" she asked.

"Why should I?"

"Of course, there is no especial reason why you should," she admitted, "but you are not in the habit of forming violent prejudices without provocation. I've done nothing——"

"I'm not so sure on that score," I interrupted her. "I'm always suspicious of women for my own protection, and I'm doubly cautious when I can't understand the game."

"If you understood the game, do you think you might learn to like me?" she asked laughing and then hastened to add: "I won't use your answer against you if I do decide to lure you into matrimony."

"I'll admit there are times when I've felt that you were not just what you seemed."

"Who is?" she asked sharply. "Do you want me to think you are what you seem to be, or shall I give you the benefit of the doubt?"

Kate never dared to talk to me that way and I'll admit that I didn't enjoy being pulled up on the carpet by the young woman, and yet she turned the trick in such a way that I had to admire her.

"You didn't make this date with me just to grill me for not falling in love with you at sight, did you?"

"Well I'd like to have a fair chance with you. I'm getting oh in years myself and I can't give weight for age, as some of these young things, and make the hurdles. No wonder you have no one to care for you! You're no spring chicken yourself, Mr. Reilly, and what are you going to do when you catch up with old age?"

Her extravagant seriousness wasn't half bad, and if I hadn't been so curious to know the real excuse for the date, I wouldn't have been above bantering with her for an hour or two.

"My application for a berth in the Old Soldiers' Home is in and favorably acted on," I assured her.

"But if the game was all right and you understood it, would you be willing to grant that I might be a regular person?" she persisted.

"I haven't said you were anything else."

"But you don't like me, and you know it."

"Well, to be frank with you, young lady——"

"Thanks, Mr. Reilly, that 'young,' coming as it does from a man of discrimination, is very acceptable."

"To be frank with you," I continued ignoring her interrogation, "I can't read your Morse; that is, I don't quite see your hole card. I beg your pardon, what I mean to say is why should such common folks like Mac's household attract such an uncommon person like yourself."

"Perhaps I'm a fortune hunter!" she exclaimed.

"I once thought that was the answer," I admitted, "but I'm not so sure about it now."

"Men are a dumb set, but as long as they don't realize it and won't realize it they'll have to take the consequences. I'm after the money in the same sense that you are after it and Mr. McKearney is after it. I'm after the more or less easy money, which admission should convince you that I'm about as human as you are or Mr. McKearney or any one else. But I wouldn't marry money if I could, so don't worry about young Mr. McKearney."

THERE was more or less, principally more, sarcasm in her words, but there was something in them quite convincing. It looked as if she had the train started and I wasn't going to set the brakes by dragging my conversational feet, so to speak. I maintained a discreet silence.

"I'm going to tell you what the game is, Mr. Reilly. Not because you deserve to know, but because I play it fairly and there is a turn of the cards which I myself do not understand. Has Mr. McKearney given away, sold or lost any stock in the Continental system recently?"

"You read the papers, don't you?" I asked.

"That is part of my business," she replied.

"You know there is a fight brewing for the control of the Continental, do you not?"

"I do."

"Then why should I answer that question before I know to what use the information is to be put?"

"You are suspicious!" she exclaimed with a little laugh. "You do not need to answer it. I know Mr. McKearney has lost twenty-five shares of stock; at any rate I have seen certificates for that number of shares in the hands of a person who, I am sure, has no right to have it."

"And you come to me with the information proposing just what?" I asked, fully expecting to be told that it would cost a few thousand dollars or more to get delivery on that stock certificate and no questions asked.

"I am proposing that you tell me just what has happened and how I can help you recover that certificate," she explained.

"That's more than generous of you."

"Not so much generosity as ordinary decency. I play the game according to the rules and I feel I am indirectly, if unintentionally, to blame. For three years I have been in the employ of the Shirley Publishing Company. They print books for people who like to read about themselves and see their own pictures. My work is to hunt out the people who can afford to pay for this indulgence of their vanity, learn all I can about them, how to approach them, their fads and failings and any other information which will make it easy for a clever salesman. For six months I've been working on the papas of the young women in the Classic College for Girls. Mr. McKearney was one of my prospects and we sold him. He was to send a check for two thousand four hundred and fifty dollars. The letter came and with it was inclosed a stock certificate for twenty-five shares of Continental Common. Now what do you want to do about it?"

"Just what was Mac going to get for that two thousand four hundred and fifty bucks?" I asked.

"Oh, the usual two pages and copper plate, the plate to be his personal property, twenty-five copies of our book, 'Self-made Captains of Industry,' and the

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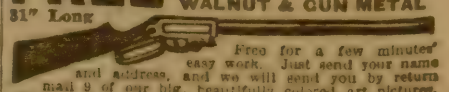

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privilege of saying just what he wanted to about himself in the write-up."

"And Mac fell for that! Angle bars and fish plates! He needs a guardian!"

"I'll say this in his behalf," Miss Buraleen volunteered, laughing, "he was a hard nut to crack. We had to get two other victims, members of his club, to recommend it before he signed the dotted line, and Bronson, our best salesman, had to extend himself.

"And you have the stock certificate?"

"No, I only wish I had," the young woman said in some anxiety. "I know where it is and I can make a shrewd guess on the use that will be made of it if we do not find a way to get it quickly. I felt you would know what to do about it so I hurried in from Eversdale to tell you about it."

"What is your guess as to what will be done with that certificate?" I asked.

"The man who has it reads the newspapers with more care than you or I read them," she replied. "He knows as much about the Continental as you do, almost. He knows what that stock would be worth to the Brainbridge interests and he, too, is after easy money."

It seemed as if my old brain wouldn't work. The idea of old Mac falling for that stuff! It was an awful shock after I had believed him to be perfectly respectable all those years. I had to stall for time so I made a date to take a woman out to dinner that evening. I wanted to tell her not to wear pink, but I was too crushed for words.

Will Mac recover his precious stock certificates? That's the momentous question just at present, altho Dan Cupid may cry "Drat the stock certificate! Pay more attention to my shooting!" Perhaps the author will in the next installment, coming next week.

* * *

"Let's Go," Said the Son.

"WELL, if we are going, let's go!" said the son of the family.

"I'm all ready," replied the man under the automobile. "All I have to do now is adjust the agitator, and that won't take more than a minute!"

"Then, while you're doing that I will have time to hunt up my other veil. It'll be much better for a day like this."

"If you're going to change your veil," said the pretty girl of the family, "I'll just put on my other shoes."

"It's going to take you half an hour to lace up those shoes," said the younger daughter, "and while you're doing that I may as well fix my blue sailor."

"Blue sailor!" exclaimed the man under the machine. "What's that? A hat? You're not going to trim a hat before we start!"

"I can trim that hat three times while Silica is lacing up her shoes!" declared the younger daughter. "I can be ready long before she is."

"I think I'll peel a few potatoes before I start," mused the mother. "I can leave them in cold water and they'll be ready to put on as soon as we get back."

"All right," said the man. "If you're going to do that I'll have time to overhaul the collaborator."

"No, you won't! I'll be thru with the potatoes before you're half done with the collaborator. Then I'll be ready to go and have nothing to do but hold my hands and wait for you! If there's anything I hate to do——"

"No, you won't have to do anything of the kind!" explained the man under the machine. "At least you won't have to wait for me. Silica will be thru lacing her shoes by the time you are half done with the potatoes. When she sees that she's all ready and you're not, she will decide that she'll have time to change her dress. Then Galina will be thru trimming her hat and will notice that Silica isn't ready yet, and then she'll decide to undertake some kind of occupation which will be only half done when somebody else is ready to go.

"With nobody ever willing to be all ready to go ahead of the others, and with all insisting upon using up the last available morsel of time, it is evident that we'll never make a start at all. Now, I'm going over after gas and air, and I'll be right back in a minute, and anybody who isn't ready when I get back can stay at home."

"It's always better to get the gas and air last," said the pretty girl, "because while you're doing that the rest of us can run back to the house after the thermos bottles and sweaters and things we have forgotten. We never think of things like that until we get to the oil station."

The rest of the family were speechless. They knew she was right.

* * *

The Gentleman Burglar.

THE shade at the open-balconied window lifted the fraction of an inch and a hairy hand groped thru the opening. A masked face appeared above the casement and two gleaming eyes glanced about the room. They took in the dainty feminine appointments of the boudoir and focused on the chaise-longue, in the center of the room. There sat a slight figure in negligee, her eyes tightly shut, her knees drawn up, on her lap an open book and in her right hand a shining pistol, which was slowly raised to the height of her forehead.

With catlike dexterity the man at the window cleared the sill and bounded across the room. He snatched the pistol from the trembling white hand before the girl was aware of his presence. She opened her eyes and screamed.

"Cut out the siren, lady!" said the man, roughly. "I saved your life just now. I'm a gentleman and no rough stuff. On your way to the spirit world when I happened in, eh?" He picked up the book on her lap and read the title, "Guardian Spirits," and threw it across the room. "That book's about as dangerous for some people as this toy pistol," he grunted. "Now come across, lady. Is your roll under the rug or in your stocking?

"You needn't try no tricks on me now. I know you've got a wad somewheres. A baby doll like you always has money. I can't see why you were thinking of suiciding, but I s'pose that's your business. My business is to get somethin' for nothin' and get it quick. Fork over!"

The girl thrust a hand into her bosom and drew out an envelope.

"There's every cent I have in the world and that was for my burial expenses," she said. "Go!"

The gentleman burglar accepted the envelope marked "Cremation expenses," and thrust it into his pocket. "But I ain't quite finished, lady. How about that sparkler on your fourth finger?"

Tearfully the girl stripped the ring from her finger, raised it to her lips for a farewell kiss and gave it to him."

"Now go!" she commanded. "There is nothing else of value in this room!"

"I don't at all agree with you, Sybil!" remarked the man, tearing off his mask and standing tall and stern as he looked down at his amazed fiancee. "Look here, child! I got your note about leaving for the spirit world a half hour ahead of time and I chose the burglar stunt as the quickest way of reaching you. If you've got a wild notion that I need a spirit guardian half as much as I need you you're off your base and I'll say you need a husband guardian to keep your feet on the earth. Here's your cremation money to buy you a creation of a wedding dress. I'll return your ring on the condition that you try no more of this spirit stuff. And I'll be around in the morning to marry you! Good night and pleasant dreams!"

The gentleman burglar departed thru the window.

* * *

Habits of Chimney Swifts.

THE bird called the chimney swift, without stopping in its flight, snaps off with its beaks or feet little twigs at the end of dead branches, and these it carries one by one into a chimney, gluing them against the side until it has finished, an almost flat shelf like lattice cradle. Only during the nesting season do certain glands in its mouth secrete a brownish fluid that quickly gums and hardens when exposed to the air. When the basket has been stuck against a chimneyside, it looks as if it were covered with a thin coat of isinglass. On this lattice from four to six white eggs are laid.

* * *

Wouldn't Discount Himself.

MY OLD woman sez to me, sez she:

"Rastus, our pawson was yere dis arternoon, an' he sez dat yo'r pew rent amounts to $178.

"Yes, Tildy, it am about dat much, I reckon," I sez.

"An he said, Rastus, dat he would call it square if you gib him seventy-five cents in cash."

"Neber, Tildy! I hain't gwine to discount myself in dat way. I am gwine to wait until de debt am two hundred, an' am den gwine to quit de church. It would take away my good name if I only paid fifteen cents on de dollar."

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30x3½	9.45	13¾ lbs.	$13.95	17 lbs.	1.75
32x3½	12.25	14½ lbs.	20.95	21½ lbs.	1.95
31x4	14.45	17¾ lbs.	.....	.....	2.25
32x4	15.00	19¾ lbs.	24.85	27¾ lbs.	2.40
33x4	15.50	20¼ lbs.	25.30	29 lbs.	2.50
34x4	16.15	20½ lbs.	25.90	29½ lbs.	2.60
32x4½	20.70	23¾ lbs.	29.75	32½ lbs.	2.75
33x4½	22.95	24½ lbs.	30.75	34½ lbs.	2.95
34x4½	23.95	25½ lbs.	30.95	36 lbs.	3.00
35x4½	24.95	26¾ lbs.	31.95	38 lbs.	3.15
36x4½	25.45	28 lbs.	32.95	40 lbs.	3.45
33x5	.....	.....	36.45	39½ lbs.	2.55
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RED—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (H. T.)—It is very fitting that such a fine new Rose should be honored with the name of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The flowers are from large to very large, with sixty or more petals opening to a high center. The color is a magnificent deep red rose. Grand for the garden.

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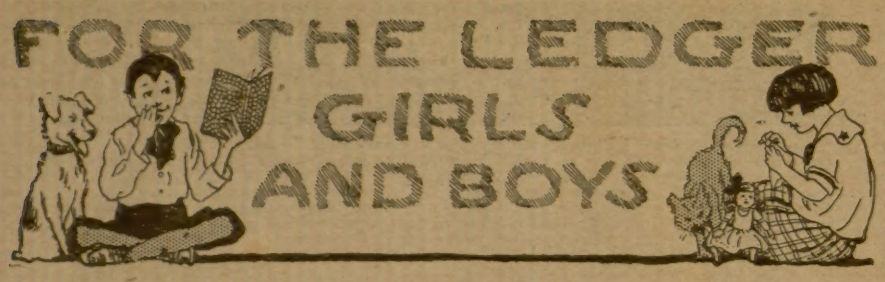

POOR BABY

"BUT I can't bear to take him in the baggage car," said Myrtle. "He'd suffer. He has a very nervous constitution."

"Well, so have I," replied her brother Joe. "Besides they'd never let us on the train with a monkey."

Ida, their cousin, was all of 14, and a thoughtful girl besides, so she had been entrusted to take the two younger ones to the summer home of their parents in the mountains. The rest had all gone and the only thing that was keeping the three was Joe's teeth, which were being straightened and needed a certain kind of brace which wasn't ready when expected.

The dentist put in the brace at last and everything was packed and ready. Ida came down the front stairs with her hat in her hand. She stopped still and looked hard at something in Myrtle's arms.

"It's—it's Mogli," confessed the little girl. "I dressed him up in Dolly Maybelle's clothes!"

"But the guard would see that it wasn't a doll," protested Ida. "Don't you think we'd better leave him at the bird man's as we drive by?"

Myrtle's eyes filled with tears, as she squeezed her pet tighter. "I can't, Ida! I can't!"

"Then let's put him in Raggy's old crate and ship him," Ida said kindly. "Don't be silly, Myrtle."

But Myrtle would be silly and cried harder than ever.

"The taxi costs ten cents a minute almost," urged Ida. "It's waiting outside. Come on, now, do."

"Aw, Ida," protested Joe, moved by the sight of his sister's grief, "let her take him. Nobody'll notice."

"But," said Ida, looking at the poorly-concealed monkey anxiously, "anybody could tell it wasn't a doll."

"There're some of Susie's outgrown dresses in the big trunk in the storeroom!" suggested Myrtle. "They're long dresses and would cover him all up. And there's a long cape with a hood fastened to it which would cover up his face."

Joe made a quick dive up the stairs and Ida, fearing for her aunt's carefully packed trunk, rushed after him. They found the baby things and soon returned and hastily dressed the startled monkey; then out to the waiting taxi, which had ticked off fifty cents worth already.

"Hold him like this in your arms so his face won't show," said Ida, arranging the monkey in her cousin's arms.

"It won't matter," said Joe. "He looks just like a little colored baby."

"Maybe," replied Ida, "but people might wonder what we were doing with a tiny colored baby."

Mogli lay very still in his mistress' arms, seeming to understand the importance of being unnoticed. They reached the station just in time, and Ida ran to get the tickets. Some one tapped Myrtle on the shoulder.

"Be careful with that baby, little girl," said a voice. "You might smother it holding it so tight. Here, let me hold it for you till your mother gets back."

"Oh, no thank you," she exclaimed. "He—he'd cry."

"Shy, is he?" and the motherly lady peered at the little bundle.

"Excuse me, I have to go," said Myrtle, hurrying away after Ida, who stood waiting her turn at the ticket window.

The guard gave a good-natured grin as the three travelers singled into the trainshed.

"Pretty small to be going about this time of year when it's so hot," he remarked as he punched the tickets. "I have a 3-weeks-old myself."

"I guess I'd better put that face-veil I found on," whispered Myrtle nervously. "Everybody's looking."

"Wait till we're on board," said Joe.

They hurried into the day coach and turned one seat over so that it faced the other and they could all be together. Myrtle was just pinning the face veil over the monkey's face when some one stopped beside the seat.

"Is this seat taken?" It was a rather sour-faced lady who spoke, and she looked sternly down at the vacant seat beside Myrtle.

"N—no," admitted Myrtle, reluctantly.

"Then kindly turn it the way it belongs," said the lady. "It makes me seasick to ride backwards."

Myrtle got up in dismay and Joe turned the seat over again while the lady

"It's Fitting," Screamed the Motherly Lady.

looked on in a sour kind of way as if expecting him not to do it right. Suddenly she gave a cry, "Somebody's snatched my handbag!" she cried, looking suspiciously at Ida and Myrtle. "Give it over quick or I'll report you."

"We haven't got it!" said Ida, indignantly. "You'd better look out how you accuse people."

The lady tossed her head and ran down the aisle after the conductor.

"The disagreeable old vulture!" cried Joe, wrathfully. "Accusing people—ah—hem, hello! What's that?"

The last was in a whisper, for below the long hem on the "baby's" dress, he glimpsed a bit of black leather. Ida saw it, too, and very slyly they peeped under the dress and found the handbag in the clutch of Mogli's strong hind paw. Joe snatched it away and dropped it under the seat. "I hate to be so deceitful, but that woman wouldn't listen to reason." Ida looked sad and quoted: "Oh, what a tangled web they weave, when once they practice to deceive!"

Along came Mr. Conductor and found the bag, while the three little travelers sat all huddled together in one seat and said nary a word. They were not left thus in peace for long. Some one touched Myrtle on the shoulder. It was the motherly lady she had met in the station.

"Come and sit besides me, my dear," she said kindly. "There's lots of room and I have some nice homemade cookies and I just love babies!"

"The—the baby's asleep now," said quick-witted Joe, "and oughtn't to be waked up, but I'd enjoy sitting back with you."

The kind lady looked disappointed, but she gladly made room for Joe.

"How old is the baby?" she inquired.

"Let's see," said Joe. "Uncle Davy had him about four years, I think, before we got him."

"Four years!" cried the startled lady. "You mean months, don't you?"

Joe was just about to make some reply when the "baby's hood bobbed over the back of the seat in front, and they heard a wild voice gasp: "Catch him!"

Up sprang the motherly lady and seized the baby. A wild struggle followed, for Mr. Mogli, finding himself in strange arms, made a fierce struggle for liberty. The lady held fast to the dress while Mogli jumped on top of her head, then up to the rack far overhead.

"Great Day in the morning!" screamed the motherly lady. "It's fitting!"

"Oh, please!" cried Myrtle, tears starting to her eyes. "Save my baby!"

A strong arm reached up and grabbed Mogli by the foot.

"Come along, kid!" urged a deep voice. It was the porter, black and smiling. "Huh!" he exclaimed, looking at the small foot. "What is you?" Down came the "baby" and perched comfortably on the porter's shoulder. "A monkey, by golly!"

"Oh, please," entreated the fair Myrtle, "he's so nervous he couldn't stand the baggage car. Please let him ride with us!"

"'Gainst the rules, missy," replied the porter, "but if'n you-all would ruther, you can ride wif him in the baggage car yourselfs."

So up filed the three, determined to keep their pet in sight.

"Here, dears," said a motherly voice, while its owner settled her hat straight, "take this bag of cookies along. Good luck to you and God bless your kind little hearts!"

Which drowned out an angry mutter from another seat:

"Outrageous! Children ought to be excluded from public conveyances. I shall report this to the proper authorities!"

Vain Betty Bell.

NOW here's the tale of Betty Bell,
And very sad it is to tell,
Except it points a moral clear
That some might take to heart, my dear!
For Betty gave her parents pain,
To think their child should be so vain!
Quite early in her life began her
Sad putting on of airs and manner.

A picnic one bright sunny day
Made Betty's heart both light and gay.
It was not for the social side,
But that she could display her pride!
Dear little girl, do not forget,
Fine feathers often cause much fret,
And tears that come of Vanity
Are never looked on pityingiy!

Her playmates' glances were expressive,
Of how they thought her style excessive,
To go a-picnicking—for laces
And silks aren't made for picnic places,
So when into the woods they went,
What anguished hours poor Betty spent!
Her laces caught in branch and bramble,
In pinching shoes she couldn't ramble!

The others laughed to see her plight,
They knew 'twas vanity and right
Good punishment for Betty's airs
To find her frock in spots and tears.
"Alas!" said Betty, "Now I see,
"How sad a thing is Vanity!
To Mother now I'll give good heedance;
No pleasure comes of disobedience!"

The Riddle of the Sphinx.

LONG ago, in the days of ancient Greece, the future was foretold by wise men at the court of the King. Once a certain King of Thebes was told by a prophet that he was doomed to be killed by his own son. The King was troubled over this announcement, so when a baby boy was born to him he ordered that the child be slain. The hunter whose task it was to kill the infant felt so sorry for the pretty boy that he left him in the woods to die and returned to the court telling the King that he had left the baby dead. The fates looked kindly upon the child, and a woodsman passing by picked up the infant, not knowing of his royal birth, and took him to Corinth, where the child grew up in ignorance of his origin. One day in the service of the King of Corinth Oedipus, for that was the youth's name, met the King of Thebes not knowing who he was—and slew him as a foreign enemy. Thus, all unknowing, Oedipus had made true the word of the prophet, spoken before his birth. But he did not realize that he had slain his father, the King of Thebes. Great was his surprise, therefore, to learn that the King of Thebes was dead and that the crown of that kingdom was offered to any man who could answer the riddle of the Sphinx.

The Sphinx was a strange monster with the face of a woman, and the body and claws of a lioness. She crouched on a hill near Thebes waiting to pounce upon and kill all the men who should pass by because none of them could answer her riddle. When Oedipus heard of the harm this creature was doing to men he determined to rid the country of the Sphinx, so he went boldly up to the

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HOMESPUN TOBACCO, 5 POUNDS, $1.25; 15 pounds, $2.00. Send no money, pay when received. Farmers Association, Jonesboro, Arkansas.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 25 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EVERYBODY EATS EVERY DAY. YOU CAN handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and autombile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality; selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any bank or Express Co.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1838 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-39 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

AGENTS: $60 A WEEK, GUARANTEED hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and colors, including finest line of silk hose. Mrs. McClure makes over $2000 a year. Mrs. Schurman averages $60 a month working spare time. Geo. Noble made $35 in one day. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 511, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

AGENTS—MAKE $60 TO $100 WEEKLY selling Coffield tire protectors. Prevents punctures and blowouts, doubles mileage. Easily applied; no cement or tools required. Absolute 2-year guarantee. Liberal commissions paid weekly. Bewley made $1006 in two months. No capital required. Write quick. Coffield Tire Protector Co., 241 Court St., Dayton, Ohio.

ATTENTION MEN AND WOMEN: GEO. COX made $80 the first week with our new selling proposition. No competition on rapid-selling leader. Complete line of household necessities that are repeaters. Quick sales. Large profits. Great opportunity. Write today. The Pioneer Soap Co., 15 St. Paul Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO RECEIVE A BEAUTIFUL 21 pc. genuine French ivory manicure set, 26 pc. Rogers silverware set, or elegant 21 jewel gentlemen's or ladies' wrist watch? Any of the above given free for only an hour of your spare time. Very easy and interesting. Write Weinman Bros., Memphis, Tenn.

AGENTS: $5 TO $15 DAILY EASY. YOUR pay in advance introducing new style guaranteed hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples. Write orders. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished, all orders and grades, including silk. Dept. 420, Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BE EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATIVE FOR new food product of highest quality and rapid sales. We advertise the product and your agency in your local newspaper, movie theatres and many other ways. Extraordinary sales proposition. Write immediately. Washington "Tasty-Drops" Company, 932 Rust Building, Tacoma, Washington.

AGENTS, $100 WEEKLY AUTOMOBILE owners wild with enthusiasm, marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency, saves cost first day, sensational sales everywhere; territory going like wildfire; $21 sample outfit and Ford car free. Write quick. Ovee Co., Dept. 7-A, Louisville, Ky.

GENERAL AGENTS, SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORT- ed 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN—WE START you in a permanent business, without any investment. Whole or spare time. Big line, easy sales everywhere. Handsome profits. No experience necessary. Write now. National Mfg. Co., B-28, West Hoboken, N. J.

AGENTS — BIG MONEY — FAST SALES. Transfer initials on autos, etc. Charge $1.50 and make $1.38 on each sale. No experience; no license. 10 sales a day easily. Write for samples. Newark Monogram Co., Dept. 4, 568 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—COST $5, YOUR PROFIT $103.75, transferring monograms on autos, trunks, bags, furniture, etc.; no experience, no license. Write for free samples. World Monogram Co., Dept. 17, 244 Market street, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS—1922's GREATEST SENSATION— 11 piece toilet article set, selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dress maker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 136 Olive, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS MAKE 60 DOLLARS PER WEEK selling new Sallie May "Dressup" aprons. Write and learn how to obtain samples without cost. Moss Apron Co., 86 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decio Laboratories, 256 Fifth avenue, New York.

THE MIDDLEMAN MAKES THE PROFIT. Be the middleman and sell Nomis knit guaranteed hosiery direct from mill to consumer. Write Dept. Y, Nomis Knitting Mills, 34 So. 17th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CANVASSERS: 200% IN HOUSEHOLD AR- ticle. Sells easily on demonstration. Exclusive territory. Send 25 cents for sample and selling instructions. Box 296. Latrobe, Pa.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 620 Main, Richmond, Va.

HOSIERY, APRONS, HOUSE DRESSES, white goods, rugs, shopping bags, novelties, etc. Write for catalog. Economy Sales Co., Dept. 108, Boston, Mass.

EARN $25.00-$50.00 WEEKLY SELLING guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. We deliver and collect. Consumers Hosiery Co., 724 B, City Hall Station, New York.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS MAKE $1.50 ON EVERY SHIRT order. From manufacturer to wearer. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863 3rd Ave., New York City.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT. WRITE FOR FREE information. Flo-Mar Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, 2530 Drake Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS: LEARN ABOUT THE PROFITS supplying perfume to families by addressing Leffler & Co., 750 Walton, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O, GREAT- est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—MEN, WOMEN, AGE 17 TO 65, for United States Government positions. Experience unnecessary. Write today for free information. Chicago Civil Service College, Department B-51, Chicago.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or, exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANTED—MEN-BOYS OVER 17. BECOME railway mail clerks. Commence $133 month. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 26, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS FOR May, June. Many vacancies, $120 monthly. Age, 18 upward. Experience unnecessary. For free list positions now open, write J. Leonard (former Civil Service Examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 220 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. HUN- dreds vacancies. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. E 494, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 656 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVES- tigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED. $135 month. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 6, Rochester, N. Y.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

BE A DETECTIVE—EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity; large salaries; big rewards. Texas Information Bureau, Austin, Texas.

BE A DETECTIVE—GUIDES FREE; Detectives needed everywhere. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

SPARE TIME WORK—$3 AN HOUR, demonstrating "Simplex Ironing Board Covers" in your town. Something new. Sells every home. W. J. Lynch, Springfield, Ill.

BECOME EXPERT MILLINERS. $125 month. Earn while learning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 804, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN-GIRLS. LEARN DRESS DESIGN- ing. $25 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE TO YOU: NO OTHER INVESTMENT journal like it; oldest established oil and investment publication in Texas. Published by actual oil operator and broker of long experience. Gives you facts and up-to-date reliable information you positively cannot afford to be without. Keep your eyes on Texas, richest oil territory in the world. Keep posted on Mexia and other great gusher oil fields now in the making. My Weekly Texas Investor explains how hundreds of small investors are now drawing big monthly cash returns through rich oil royalty interests. Write me today for three months' trial subscription absolutely free, and without obligation. C. C. Cannan, Publisher, 500 Mason Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU- sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP OF MEXIA FIELD, LIMESTONE County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Sebimmel Co., Suite 134, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

SAFE OIL INVESTMENT. WE SEND YOUR stock certificate before you pay. Pay after we strike oil. No offer like this ever made before. Circular free. North Coast Oil Co., New York Block, Seattle, Wash.

16C STARTS YOU BUYING FIVE ACRES Texas oil land that may become worth $100,000. Get particulars. No obligation. Gulf Realty Company, 319 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

500% PROFIT PAID INVESTORS IN 45 days under my Proven Plan. $10 invested in my new syndicate may mean small fortune. Interesting folders free. Wallace, 331A Mason Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS-TRADEMARKS. BEFORE DIS- closing an invention, the inventor should write for my blank form, "Evidence of Conception." This should be signed, witnessed and returned to me with sketch or model upon receipt of which I will promptly render opinion as to patentable nature and send booklet on Patents. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE

FOXES. FULLY PEDIGREED AND REGIS- tered, silver black; buy the best. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

MEDICAL

MEN—FIVE YEARS AGO WE PERFECTED a simple electrically heated device for the relief of sciatica, bladder trouble, disturbed slumber and prostate gland trouble. Today it is permanently relieving nine out of ten who buy it. Maybe it will relieve you. If it doesn't we will return your money. Don't jump at conclusions. Ask for free descriptive book. Address The Electro Thermal Company, 7130 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE- stone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGS AND POEMS WANTED. WE COM- pose music, publish, sell and pay you five cents royalty on every copy sold. Melody Publishing Corp., Dept. A, Root Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

INVENTIONS, PLAYS, STORIES, SONGS, poems marketed for 10%. Manhart Co., 15 N. Kedzie, Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES HAVE been made in the moving picture business. Small investment needed. We furnish complete threatre equipment. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. D, 724 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANY- one for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

PHOTO FINISHING

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER; YOUR NEXT kodak film developed 5c—prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 1391 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BICYCLE MOTORS

DON'T BUY A BICYCLE MOTOR ATTACH- ment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Galesburg, Kansas.

PERSONAL

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength, you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY, THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 278 Pleasant avenue, St. Paul, Minn. References, Commercial State Bank.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE caused from weak, nervous, rundown condition, try Castleberry's Pills. Mailed $1.00. The wonder of the age. Sample and wonderful testimonials free. Alfred Castleberry, Columbus, Ga.

MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Many wealthy. Best, most successful, quickest results; write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 758, San Francisco, Calif.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI- Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 33, Kansas City, Mo.

$1.00 FOR LIST CONTAINING NAMES, AD- dresses, etc., of ladies desiring marriage. Many wealthy. Cosmopolitan Club, Box 423-B, Venice, Calif.

MARRY — GIRL, 18, WORTH $68,000; maiden, 25, worth $75,000. Hundreds wealthy. Descriptions free. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

LONESOME WIDOW, OWNS $25,000 STOCK farm, desires correspondence with honorable man with view to matrimony. Mrs. Lane, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

LONESOME? HUNDREDS SEEKING MAT- rimony. Write today for free information, enclosing stamp. Harmony Club, 944 Montana St., Chicago.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIREC- tory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST. ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., 60-B, Camden, N. J.

YES, I'LL PLACE YOU IN DIRECT COR- respondence with wealthy, refined persons wishing correspondents. Send stamp. Eva Moore, Box 4309, Jacksonville, Fla.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE- scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA- per published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCAN- dinavian Club, 3734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU LONESOME? WRITE BETTY Lee, 28 East Bay, Jacksonville, Florida. Send stamp, please.

IF WEALTHY LOVING WIFE IS WANTED, write, enclosing stamped envelope. Violet Rays, Dennison, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLI- cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRE- spondence Club." Particulars free. Mrs. Keems, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GENTLEMAN, 34, WANTS WIFE. CHRIST'S faith preferred. Henry Franz, Ohiowa, Nebr.

PRETTY MAIDEN, WEALTHY BUT LONE- ly, will marry. Box 55, Club, Oxford, Fla.

OHIO FARMER, 50, OWNS $30,000, WILL marry. Q-Box 325, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WANT TO MARRY BACHELOR GIRL WITH $30,000? T-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 25 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 25. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Opal Thompson, Raleigh County, Rhodell, W. Va., wishes to hear from or concerning her sister, Mrs. Viva Ollie Cuckler (maiden name Farley), 30 years old. Last heard from in Wyco, W. Va., in February, 1915. She is about 5 ft. 8 in. tall; 160 lbs.; brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Any information as to her present whereabouts will be thankfully received by sister.

monster and said: "Tell me your riddle."

Then spoke the Sphinx: "There is a wondrous creature and its like is not found on earth, in air or in the water. At first it goes on four legs, then it goes on two legs and in the end it goes on three legs. What is it?"

"It is Man!" cried Oedipus. And in truth! In infancy man crawls on all fours, then he walks on two legs and in old age he leans on a stick as a sort of a third leg. When the riddle was guessed the Sphinx cast herself over the side of the hill and was crushed to pieces on the rocks below. Great was the rejoicing of the people of Thebes as they welcomed Oedipus and crowned him as their king.

One day Oedipus discovered that he was really the son of the man he had killed. The sunshine went out of his life and he was haunted by the awfulness of the crime he had committed. He gave up his throne and wandered blindly about the country, clothed in beggarly rags. Nothing could console him nor protect him from the pricking of his conscience. But his last days were made easier by the kind care of his loving daughter who never forsook him, but accompanied him wherever he journeyed and comforted him and helped him.

"PA, WHY do they say in market reports that wheat is nervous?"

"I guess, son, it's because it expects to be thrashed."

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

270—Add the same letter to

1. A preposition meaning near and have a common domestic animal
2. To the same preposition and have to do something.
3. To duration and make a place of confinement.
4. To that which goes first and have strength and vigor.
5. To dry or barren and have extremely acid.
6. To a crude metal and make a center.
7. To a tree and have something handy to have in the pocket.
8. To request and have a small barrel.
9. To artifice or craft and have a wagon.
10. To a March plant and have to squeeze into a mass.

Riddle-me-ree.

271—My first is in boat but not in oar.
My second is in apple but not in core.
My third is in sleep but not in doze.
My fourth is in bell but not in nose.
My fifth is in good but not in bad.
My sixth is in glad and also in sad.
My whole is a soldier who discovered a sea.
As you may have learned in history.

Zigzag.

272—1. A kind of soil.
2. A noisy brawl.
3. Small insects.
4. The surname of an ex-President.
5. To "make eyes" at.
6. A Spanish-American laborer.
7. Twenty quires.
8. An author of metrical compositions.
9. Parts of circles.
10. Part of an egg.

When these ten words of four-letters have been rightly guessed and written in a column the names of two cities may be spelled.

One zigzag begins at the upper left-hand and ends at the lower right-hand corner; the other begins at the upper right-hand and ends at the lower left-hand corner.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

267—Riddle-me-ree.

Doll.

268—An Acrostic.

Whittier-Tennyson.

W A R T
H A R E
I R O N
T O R N
T I N Y
I R I S
E C H O
R A I N

269—Four-word Square.

S L I T
L Y R E
I R I S
T E S T

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain In a Week?

So easy now to have the lovely, rounded neck and shoulders that everyone admires.

Scientific Discovery of VITAMINES Quickly Builds Up Thin, Scrawny Figures—No Drugs or Dieting—Quick Relief For Tired, Worn-Out People. Sample Sent FREE.

THIN? You needn't be. Now it is possible for anyone to have smooth, full shoulders, rounded neck and a plump, trim figure. Alexander Vitamines, extracted from a wide range of foods, are primarily responsible for converting food into firm flesh and producing new vigor and vitality. Lack of Vitamines in the diet causes nervousness, loss of weight and vitality, headaches and many deficiency diseases such as skin eruptions and emaciation.

Alexander Vitamines

Quick Relief—No Drugs or Dieting. But when Alexander Vitamines are added to the diet, the results are amazing in their rapidity. Within a few days an emaciated, scrawny figure begins to round out—bony angles and ugly hollows disappear. Your weight quickly becomes what it should be according to your height. The flabby, useless tissues which are now a handicap become firm flesh and muscle—rich, red blood is produced—tasks now wearisome are quickly done because the food you eat is converted into energy.

A Clear Complexion, Too!

Along with the healthful gain in weight comes a new, clear complexion, free from pimples and blemishes—rosy cheeks which are indicative of new vitality and a consequent personal magnetism and charm that make for social success.

Important: Alexander Vitamines are not to be confused with "vitamine" products now on the market containing drugs. Alexander Vitamines are pure vitamine concentrates, nothing else, and are widely recommended by physicians. Guaranteed to comply with all federal and state food laws.

Gains 3½ Pounds in Four Days

"I gained 3½ pounds the first four days I took Alexander Vitamines and am still gaining. Have increased my weight 9½ pounds and feel like a different person."

Gained 8 Pounds Quickly

"Alexander Vitamines have increased my weight 8 pounds and done wonders for my complexion. They are the first thing I ever tried that put weight on me. I advise every nervous, scrawny woman to take them."

Generous Sample FREE

Send No Money I want everyone to have an opportunity to try ALEXANDER VITAMINES in their own homes at no expense. To introduce these vitamines in a million new homes, I will send a free sample to anyone who will write for it. I want to make it plain that this does not cost a cent, nor does it put you under any obligation whatever. Merely send me your name and address TODAY—a postcard will do if you wish. I will send you the sample postpaid absolutely FREE.

E. R. ALEXANDER, Pres.

Alexander Laboratories

1216 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

New Discovery Explains Why Hair Turns Gray

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own, Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blond, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root, and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation. (See diagram.)

Gray Hair Not Always a Sign of Age

Gray hair, which is regarded by many as an indication of approaching age, is simply due to the absence or loss of pigment in the cells.

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair. The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color, and unless this condition is corrected, the hair will soon become entirely gray.

The Only Way Color Can Be Restored

There is only one natural way to restore hair to its original color—and that is by stimulating the cells of pigmentation so that they function properly and supply the hair with the natural coloring matter.

It was only after countless laboratory tests that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is a pure, delicately scented liquid that strengthens and nourishes the pigment cells so that they once more supply the hair with natural coloring matter. It is positively harmless and will make your hair glossy, thick and beautiful at the same time that it restores it to its natural color.

Tru-Tone is not a dye, or a stain, or a tint. It does not act on the hair at all but on the tiny pigment cells that supply the hair with color. These cells can supply the hair with only one color—and that is the natural color. If your hair was auburn originally, Tru-Tone will restore it to its auburn color. If it was blond, brown or black Tru-Tone will restore it to the exact shade and lustre it had in youth.

Guarantee Backed by Million Dollar Bank

This guarantee from a Million dollar bank protects every user of Tru-Tone.

Why Gray Hair Is Simply Hair Without Color

The hair shaft (A) springs from a tube-like depression in the scalp called a follicle (E). The bulb (F) rests on a tiny tip of tissue called the papilla (H). The color of the hair is due to a pigment given off at the tip of this papilla. When sickness, worry or shock interferes with this pigment supply the hair blanches. To restore it to its natural color the pigment supply must be restored through a natural process. In the diagram B is the root, C the oil gland, D the root sheath and G the fat cells. Study the diagram and you will see for yourself why there is only one scientific way to restore the color of hair.

State Bank of Philadelphia

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that DOMINO HOUSE has deposited in this Bank Ten Thousand Dollars. Out of this special fund this Bank is authorized and does hereby guarantee to return to any customer of DOMINO HOUSE the total amount of his purchase at any time, within thirty days, if the goods purchased are not entirely satisfactory in every way, or if DOMINO HOUSE fails to do as it agrees.

Very truly yours,

R. V. Brandegee

President.

Special Introductory Offer

If you will fill in the coupon and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-size bottle of Tru-Tone. Don't send any money. And don't send a sample of your hair—Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; it restores it to its own natural color. Just send the coupon—but be sure to do it at once.

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only $1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for $3.00. If after a fair test you are not delighted with results simply return what is left and your money will be refunded at once.

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that this is a free-proof offer; the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! Domino House, Dept. T. 626, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. T. 626,
269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman $1.45 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am nevertheless purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon.